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SPECIAL PROJECT AMERICAN RENAISSANCE is an assessment of the state of the nation by All Time Inc. magazines. John Underwood analyzes competitiveness, teamwork, self-discipline in sports and society and ways to strengthen such values.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0094-9136) is published weekly, except semi-weekly during a week in February, also two issues come out at year end by Time Inc. 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010. Principal office: Rockefeller Bldg. 611 N.W. 106th St., Miami, Florida 33167. Postmaster: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, TIME/USA Inc., 541 N. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When we say Senior Writer Curry Kirkpatrick had a large hand in this issue, we're just trying to give him a fair shake. Kirkpatrick has spent much of the last month pressing flesh, giving skin and slapping palms all over the land. The result of this study of clasping style and technique, the definitive work on the sporting handshake, begins on page 62.

Kirkpatrick has witnessed all kinds of shakery in his 15 years on the SI staff—at one time, he insists, he had the grip on every grasp. And though he says he can't remember the first high five he ever saw, he does have a theory about its origin. "Everybody thinks Magic Johnson got his name for his ball handling," says Kirkpatrick, "but after talking to people around his hometown of Lansing, I believe Johnson came out of the crib nailing everyone in sight with high fives [they were actually low fives at the time]." This, says Kirkpatrick, was perceived as the beginning of some strange magic trick. Hence Johnson's nickname. So the inventor of the shake, Kirkpatrick concludes, was Magic. Unless it was Fozzie Bear. Or a girls' volleyball team.

Kirkpatrick recalls John Thompson, the Georgetown basketball coach, advising colleagues not to try fancy shakes when recruiting in the ghetto. "Just go regular," he'd say. "The kids are starting to resent it. The shakes are their own." Besides, the recruiters were doing it wrong.

Following this advice, Kirkpatrick went regular, too, though he will on occasion unleash an unpretentious little inside slap five with fellow writer Ted Green of the *Los Angeles Times*. "One of us will say something clever or hilarious—usually me," Kirkpatrick says, "and it's instant skin," a practice, he notes, that tends to raise eyebrows in such places as the press marquee at Wimbledon.

Kirkpatrick doesn't know who the slaphappiest SI staffer is, though he says Photographer Walter Ioss Jr. used to have quite a repertoire. "But he has become too big a name," Curry laments. "He won't shake anymore. His hands are too valuable."

As for two of Kirkpatrick's most recent subjects, Bjorn Borg and Bum Phillips, he just gives a shake of his head at their lack of interest in or talent for the shake of the hand. Curry says Borg just goes Swedish normal. And Bum would rather tip his Setson.

Some of the finest shaking, on the other hand, is to be found on one of Kirkpatrick's regular beats, college hoops. He disagrees with those who claim the best basketball is in the ACC or Big Ten. "The best is where the best high fives are," he says. "Probably the Southern Intercollegiate conference. They say Morris Brown goes about nine deep in great shakers."

But even on Hilton Head Island, S.C., Kirkpatrick's home, good shaking abounds. He's pictured below checking out the style of tennis player Evonne Cawley, who lives several miles down the beach. Kirkpatrick figured she could show him some exotic Australian numbers, outshakes from the outback, so to speak. But she's pregnant again and said she's trying to stay away from heavy physical exertion.

Kirkpatrick's most important research, however, is still to come. "I'm really getting deep into my next big assignment," he says. He intends to get to the bottom, once and for all, of the touchdown spike.



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BOOKTALK

by GILBERT ROGIN

AN ELOQUENT TEACHER DILATES ON THE DELIGHTS AND BENEFITS OF SWIMMING

As an often embattled swimmer, I have mixed feelings about *Swimming for Total Fitness* (Dolphin Books/Doubleday & Company, Inc., \$10.95) by Jane Katz, Ed.D., with Nancy P. Bruning. My unease arises from the fact that, compared to jogging trails, swimming pools are finite, not the number of pools necessarily, but the number of swimmers who can profitably be squeezed into any one pool, not all of whom subscribe to the belief that swimming isn't a contact sport. The problem is that Katz—or Dr. J, as she sometimes styles herself—is such a persuasive advocate of the virtues of swimming, so eloquently hymns the praises of water, that I have an almost apocalyptic vision of pools so densely packed with true believers that no one can swim a stroke, much less practice the intricacies of the S-shaped bent-arm pull.

Harkens to Dr. J on water: "...swimming's overwhelming advantage over other physical activities is that you do it in water, and this brings me to what, for some reason, is one of the best-kept secrets in the universe: water feels good and is good—for your body and for your soul. In water, our bodies seem to defy gravity, and we come as close as we ever will to the feeling of flying. And water is a wonderfully sensual medium; just being in it is relaxing and exhilarating at the same time."

Katz cites a study which indicates that "swimming actually helps one feel 'sexier' temporarily by affecting the body's hormonal balance. A study made of 258 swimmers (108 women and 150 men) found that 20% said they enjoyed a higher rate of sexual activity after they'd begun to swim regularly."

Swimming for Total Fitness is then both a why-to and a how-to book. The bulk of it is a lucid and engaging instructional, which takes the reader from the fundamentals of breathing through the techniques of the various strokes, racing dives and turns, to a "Swimming-for-Fitness Progressive Workout Program," which advocates the benefits of interval training vs. "garbage yardage," or long, slow swims that do little for conditioning.

But even here, the "why" underlines the

"how." For example, the inestimable worth of the aforementioned S-stroke (in the crawl)—which can be likened to the sketching in the air of the contours of a voluptuous woman, only with one arm at a time—is explained by reference to Newton's Third Law of Motion. As Katz says, "Swimmers move forward by pushing back against the water (instead of pushing up and out as many do). The greater the resistance of the water, the greater the forward thrust. And since still water provides greater resistance than water that's already moving backward, the old straight-arm pull isn't the most efficient way to swim. The most effective stroke, instead, is one that's curved so that you're always pushing against a column of 'new' or still water."

Dr. J, who teaches aquatics at Bronx Community College and is a world-record-holding Masters swimmer, also addresses herself to less weighty matters, such as why one has the urge to urinate while swimming, why wearing shower clogs is a useless precaution against athlete's foot, why one gets thirsty during and after a swim and why swimming contributes to weight loss, besides burning up calories.

For the answers, read *Swimming for Total Fitness*, but, please, don't everybody get in the pool at the same time. **END**

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Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

THE CONTINUING SAQA OF DR. MAZZA AND HIS "GOOD FRIENDS"

The Philadelphia Phillies, 1980 World Series winners, now have another distinction. According to a Reading, Pa. lawyer, Emmanuel Dimitriou, the Phillies—some of them, anyway—are also "champions in the art of lying." But looseness with the truth isn't the only sin being laid at these players' doorstep. There are suggestions they used amphetamines to add zip to their arms and wallop to their bats. And it appears they may have subjected friends to criminal prosecution to protect their own images.

These suspicions about members of baseball's best team were aroused last week during a climactic moment in the case involving prescriptions for amphetamines and diet pills issued in the names of Phillies Steve Carlton, Pete Rose, Randy Lerch and Larry Christenson, former Phillie Tim McCarver and the wives of two players, Jean Luzinski and Shoena Bowa. Since the case first made headlines last July, those seven had assured authorities—and were righteously backed up by the club's management—that they neither requested nor received the drugs. Their blanket denial was damaging to Dr. Patrick Mazza, the unpaid physician of the Phillies' Reading farm club, who had written the prescriptions. It also was damaging to Robert L. Masley, a Reading machinist, and his son, Robert M., who had picked up the drugs at various pharmacies, ostensibly for delivery to the seven whose names were on the bottles.

It was tempting to believe the Phillies' story. After all, the drugs had been prescribed by a licensed doctor, which made it unlikely the Phillies would have been subject to criminal prosecution had they acknowledged receiving them. What's more, some of the players were known to have been friends of Mazza and the Masleys. Would they have betrayed those friends merely to spare themselves possible embarrassment? Authorities evidently thought not: last November the Pennsylvania Department of Justice indicted Mazza on charges of illegally prescribing drugs and the two

Masleys on charges of obtaining them.

The state's case against Mazza and the Masleys received its first test during a preliminary hearing on Jan. 7 in a courtroom situated in the basement of a Reading store, A & B Carpet Center. Acting as attorney for all three defendants, Dimitriou asked Christenson whether he received \$7.72 worth of drugs in early 1979 from the elder Masley (he also asked the pitcher if "in your magnanimity, you gave him \$8 and told him to keep the change?"). Dimitriou also asked Jean Luzinski if she received pills from Masley behind home plate at Veterans Stadium. Both witnesses said they didn't recall such transactions. But Mrs. Luzinski did testify that she had found amphetamines in a medicine cabinet at home but didn't know where they had come from. And Rose strained credibility when, upon being asked if he ever used "greenies," another name for amphetamines, he replied innocently, "What is a greenie?" This was the same Rose who was quoted in a *Playboy* interview as having admitted taking "greenies"—the word used in the interview—to give himself a lift before games.

The preliminary hearing resumed last week, and the united front maintained by the Phillie players and wives suddenly crumbled. Lerch changed his story and admitted he had twice received quantities of an antidepressant prescribed by Mazza and delivered to him by the elder Masley. A state drug agent instrumental in the investigation, Phoebe L. Teichert, testified that she had refused to sign the prosecution's complaints and had recommended that the Phillies be given lie-detector tests but was overruled and threatened with reprisals by her superiors. She intimated that she felt those superiors were guilty of a cover-up.

The Masleys also testified. The father said he delivered amphetamines to Lerch, Carlton and Christenson in or near the Phillie locker room in Veterans Stadium and also gave pills for Rose, Larry Bowa and Greg Luzinski to a clubhouse man,

Pete Cera. The son said he took pills to Luzinski and Bowa. He said that Bowa had told him that during the baseball season, "that's when he really needs [amphetamines] for every game. That was a direct quote, you know, by Larry, up to three to four a game..." Mazza admitted he had made "a gross mistake" in not keeping proper records, but insisted he had written the prescriptions at the request of the ballplayers, two of whom, Luzinski and Bowa, had asked that the prescriptions be made out in their wives' names. And Cera told of having accepted vials of medicine for several players that the Masleys had delivered to the Phillie locker room.

Even before the hearing ended, the prosecutor, Donald E. Johnson, confronted by all this testimony that the Phillies had received the drugs, conceded that the charges against the Masleys should be dropped. District Justice Albert J. Gaspari then dismissed the charges against all the defendants. Mazza's troubles resumed, however, when the state medical board said it received a complaint accusing him of misuse of drugs and failure to keep adequate records.

But it was the Phillie Seven who now seemed most clearly on the spot. Some of them had been accused of receiving amphetamines at the ballpark, and one of them, Bowa, was said to have relied on them for a boost during games. Mazza complained that "my very, very good friends," as he described them, had been "willing to sacrifice me." The elder Masley expressed bitterness toward Luzinski, with whom he said he had met socially some 50 times a year. Masley now vowed he would never again speak to him. About the only good news for the Phillies was word from the Department of Justice that perjury charges in the case were unlikely. That decision notwithstanding, the inescapable conclusion in the courtroom beneath the A & B Carpet Center was that the seven had for more than six months been sweeping the truth under the rug.

CONTINUED

OUTRAGE

While corruption in sports was scarcely unknown in bygone years, there seems to be an unusually large number of scandals, scams and unsavory incidents these days. In addition to the case of the Philie Phan and the point-shaving scandal at Boston College (page 14), there have been recent allegations of widespread ticket scalping in the NFL, improper payments to basketball players at Wichita State, misuse of telephone credit cards by track athletes at Kansas State, use of non-athletes to rewrite term papers for athletes at Kansas, fixed races at Suffolk Downs, the tanking of matches in the Grand Prix Masters tennis tournament, the hitting of a rival player by North Carolina Basketball Coach Dean Smith, expense-account abuses by coaches at Purdue and Cincinnati and a \$20-million-plus embezzlement in boxing.

Now these are all just allegations, remember. Still, what in the world is happening? The mere fact that there are more teams, more athletes and more sports events than ever before probably has something to do with the increase in suspected shenanigans. So, no doubt, does the unprecedented amount of money now at stake in sports. Another factor is a growing tendency by newspapers to treat sports as part of the real world and to assign investigative reporters to uncover abuses—and not just for the sports section, either. Thus, the allegations about Wichita State, Kansas State and Kansas first appeared in a series that ran for five days last week on the front page of *The Kansas City Times*.

It's comforting to know that reporters and law-enforcement officers are keeping an eye on the world-be-be corrupters of sports. At the same time, there's a danger that the seemingly endless allegations of wrongdoing will diminish the public's capacity for outrage. Or at least the right kind of outrage. Consider the reaction to *The Kansas City Times* series, as described by that paper's editor, Michael Davies: "Our stories upset a lot of rabid sports fans," he says. "Many seemed shocked. They tell us, 'What you are printing can't be true. Even if it is true, so what? Everybody else is doing the same thing.'"

INFILTRATION

As a possible water-conservation measure, drought-stricken New York City has proposed the digging of a well at Shea

Stadium to provide water to keep the field green for Met games. SI Baseball Writer Steve Wulf suggests that the city begin its search for water at third base because, as every Met fan knows, there's already a big hole there.

MEOW AT M.U.

Sponsored by Ralston Purina Company, the recent women's intercollegiate gymnastics meet in Columbia, Mo., was called the Purina Cat Classic. The participants were the Pitt Pantherettes, Montana State Bobcats, Brigham Young Cougars, LSU Lady Tigers, Penn State Lady Lions and the host Missouri Tigers.

BUY ME NACHOS & CRACKER JACK

Peanuts typically account for only 5% to 10% of concession sales at big league ball parks, but it's hard to imagine baseball without them. Alas, during the 1981 season, concessionaires at Fenway Park and Atlanta Stadium will no longer be selling peanuts, and those at Texas' Arlington Stadium and Kansas City's Royal Stadium may drop them, too. Explaining the break with tradition, Raco Picardi, who handles the Fenway concessions, says, "The price is crazy and the peanuts are small and dried up. I'd feel guilty selling those things."

The situation described by Picardi was caused by dry spells last summer that cut the U.S. peanut crop by 40% from the year before and tripled wholesale prices. Even with an increase in imports, peanuts for candy and peanut butter are in short supply, and some zoo elephants have had to be content with bananas instead of peanuts. As for the kind of roasted-in-the-shell peanuts hawked at ball parks, Picardi's assessment is only too accurate. There is an excess of low-quality "pops," i.e., peanuts with shriveled meat or no meat at all. And the price of the peanuts is anything but peanuts. During the football season, a 2½-ounce bag in Seattle's Kingdome, where the price had increased only from 45¢ to 50¢ since the opening of the stadium in 1976, was raised all the way to 75¢. For the baseball season, prices are expected to rise from 60¢ to 75¢ (for a 2½-ounce bag) in Minnesota, while a 90¢ price (two ounces) is likely in Oakland. And it may be a dollar a bag (for 2½ ounces) in St. Louis.

In Los Angeles, where the Dodgers sold an amazing three million bags last season—roughly one for each fan who passed through the turnstiles—peanuts

are now in such short supply that Roger (Peanut Man) Owens, a vendor who makes a show of acrobatically flinging bags of goobers to customers, says forlornly, "I only hope I can keep throwing." Assuming peanuts are available at Dodger Stadium, the same three-ounce bag that last season sold for 50¢ could go for a buck this year. By contrast, the concessionaire at San Diego Padre games will hold the price at 50¢ but reduce the size of bags from three to 1½ ounces. A strikingly different marketing approach is being considered at Memorial Stadium in Baltimore, where Bob Forbes of Volume Services, the concessionaire, says, "If a family of six comes to the park, they're not going to each buy a bag of peanuts. They'll buy one big bag and share it." Accordingly, Volume Services may introduce the "family pack," a one-pound bag that would sell for a small fortune and whose contents Mom and Dad could ration to the kids like caviar.

On the absence of peanuts at Red Sox games, Picardi says, vendors will "push the popcorn." In Atlanta, peanuts will be replaced by potato chips, corn chips and fried fish. At ball parks still selling peanuts, fans who don't want to shell out for them will be offered alternatives. Thus, Cleveland will push nachos, cheese-topped tortilla chips, while Kansas City will offer nachos and pretzels. Milwaukee and Minnesota may introduce sunflower seeds. Though it is hoped the crisis will be eased when the next peanut crop is harvested in October, a shortage of good seed peanuts makes this uncertain. But everybody will be glad to know that Cracker Jack, the other half of the one-two combination heralded in the song *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, has so far been spared any great upheaval. A company spokesman says that because of preexisting long-term contracts, its supply of peanuts, at least nine of which go into every Cracker Jack box, is assured for the foreseeable future.

THEY SAID IT

● Tom Landry, commenting on the fact that he's the only coach the Dallas Cowboys have ever had: "That's one way to look at it. The other is that I haven't had a promotion in 21 years."

● Abe Lemons, Texas basketball coach, noting that Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton had kept a player out of a game as a disciplinary measure: "When I discipline them, I make them play." **END**



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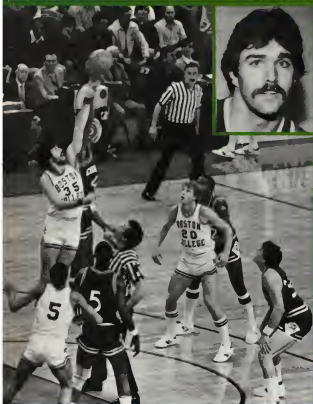
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Kuhn (35), allegedly the first involved, in the final game against UConn.



Hill says that Kuhn recruited his friend

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 16, 1981

HOW I PUT THE FIX IN

In this exclusive story, informer Henry Hill asserts that he and his associates rigged nine Boston College basketball games in 1978-79 by inducing BC players to shave points **by HENRY HILL with DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**



Sweeney, shown here against Fordham.

Cobb started shaving points in this Connecticut game, claims Hill.

According to published reports that first appeared last month, federal law enforcement authorities in New York are investigating charges of point shaving at Boston College during the 1978-79 basketball season. These allegations were made last year by Henry Hill, a government informer seeking immunity in this and other cases. A grand jury is expected to hear testimony on Hill's charges within a few weeks to consider indictments.

I'm the Boston College basketball fixer. It was a day's pay, it was interesting and it gave me a nice feeling. If you're not a gambler, you'll never understand, but it was a rush.

Here's what I did:

I paid three Boston College basketball players during the 1978-79 season to shave points—not to blow games—in nine games between Dec. 16, 1978 and March 1, 1979. The players were Rick Kuhn and Jim Sweeney, who were in it

from the beginning, and Ernie Cobb, the star of the team, who was with us the last five games (see box page 16). It cost me \$2,500 per player per game—except when they screwed up and I didn't give them anything or cut them back. As a complimentary service, I bet money for the players when they so requested.

We really had our ups and downs, but when the last pass had been thrown out of bounds, I had won on six of the games, lost on three, and made be-

continued

tween \$75,000 and \$100,000. Not bad for 11 weeks' work. A game or two I might have cleared only \$3,500, but so what? I wouldn't mind that once a week, and I don't think you would either. My partners, Jimmy Burke and Peter Vario, and Vario's associate, Richard Perry (see box page 18), made a quarter of a million or more, and who knows how many millions others made. And the players probably made about \$10,000 each.

But, frankly, it wasn't as easy as I anticipated. Nothing ever is.

It sounds simple. Heck, all we wanted was BC to win by less than the betting line when it was favored and to lose by more than the line when it was the underdog. So we'd always bet on the BC opponent and everything would be perfect, right? Wrong. Things can get mucked up damn fast.

The BC athletic director, Bill Flynn, says he's extremely disturbed that someone would come in and take advantage of young people like that. Baloney. Why should I feel bad about the kids? Look, they didn't feel bad about taking my money. And they didn't seem to feel bad in those games when they didn't fulfill their word. All they said was they were sorry but they tried. Sorry? Sometimes I'm blowing \$35,000 and they say they're sorry? That's a sorry excuse.

Like a lot of things in life, I just sort of stumbled into this deal. I guess you could say it got started when I was doing time in two federal prisons in Pennsylvania between 1976 and 1978, for extorting money from a Florida labor union. This deal never thrilled me because I was acquitted by a state court, and then the Federal Government turned around and tried me again. Smacks of double jeopardy, wouldn't you say? But it wasn't all that bad because I met Paul Mazzei there and became quite friendly with him. A couple of days after my release from prison on July 15, 1978—I remember because it was my daughter's birthday—I flew right to Pittsburgh to talk to Paul about some business we might do. You got a business, I got a business.

I went to Paul's duplex, and while I was there he introduced me to a friend of his, Tony Perla. I don't know if Boston College was mentioned at this meeting or at another meeting a week or so later. Anyway, Perla told me that he had a friend who was a basketball player at Boston College, named Rick Kuhn. Perla

said that his brother, Rocca, went to the same high school as Kuhn and that they were close friends. So Tony Perla said to me, "I'm cultivating Kuhn now. The kid wants to do business. I've bought him a color TV and paid for some work on his car." They had been working with Kuhn most of the summer because they had this basketball deal in mind. Plus, they realized we couldn't do it just with Kuhn. He wasn't important enough as a player, so the Pittsburgh guys talked with Rick about this and he said he'd talk to Sweeney, his buddy and one of the best players. I guess it was a nice talk.

Perla didn't seem much like me. But I asked around about him, and the word was he was O.K. Most of all, he was Mazzei's best friend, and that counted for a lot with me. I could tell we had one thing in common; he was an honorable type of person. Honesty is very big with me.

A few months later Mazzei and the Perlas and I decided we might go into a joint venture. Because the Pittsburgh people were the ones friendly with Kuhn, they wanted me to be the muscle guy, the tough guy, the one with the—shall we say—organizational strength.

I was to set everything up, arrange for all the money, then handle things if something happened and a bookie wouldn't pay or any other problem came up. So we discussed fixing the games, and I told them I'd have to get O.K.s from my bosses—Burke and the Varios, Peter and his father Paul. My bosses told me to arrange the appointment for Perla and

Mazzei to fly in from Pittsburgh. I set it up for Roberts Lounge, a bar on Lefferts Boulevard in Queens near Aqueduct, in the late part of November 1978. I met there at 12 noon with Peter Vario, Burke, Tony Perla and Mazzei. Perry wasn't there, but Peter said he was over at the track doing whatever he does and that we could see him after the double. The Pittsburgh guys wanted to make sure I was going to pay the players. I told them I was. And we discussed how I would guarantee the money to Perla, who would turn it over to Kuhn, who would pay Sweeney and, as it turned out later, Cobb. Anyway, no problem. Then we set up an appointment in Boston to meet the kids.

It was early in December, and I flew to Boston for a meeting with Mazzei, the Perlas, Sweeney and Kuhn at the Logan Airport Hilton. It was just a short get-acquainted session in a room that looked out on the runways. The main thing is that the players struck me as over-ambitious. They couldn't wait. You talk about being ready. So I staked them—paid them \$500 for coming and talking. Just a little thanks for the pleasure of their company. Then I flew right back to New York, feeling pretty good.

Now we're getting down to serious business. On Dec. 14, three days after the Lufthansa job at Kennedy Airport, I flew to Pittsburgh and stayed over at Mazzei's house. This is where I met a girl named Judy Wicks, who was introduced to me as a friend of Tony's. When I asked her if she wanted to take a ride

THE NINE GAMES HILL SAYS WERE RIGGED

DATE	OPPONENT	BETTING LINE (BC plus or minus)	SCORE (BC first)	POINT SHAVERS
Dec. 16, '78	Harvard	Plus 12	86-83	Win
Dec. 23, '78	UCLA	Minus 15 to 18	81-103	Win
Jan. 10, '79	Rhode Island	Minus 10 to 15	78-91	Lose
Jan. 20, '79	Holy Cross	Plus 1 to 4	89-87	Lose
Jan. 27, '79	Connecticut	Plus 5 to 6	78-77	Win
Feb. 3, '79	Fordham	Plus 15	71-64	Win
Feb. 6, '79	St. John's	Minus 8 to 10	76-85	Win
Feb. 10, '79	Holy Cross	Minus 2 to Plus 2	96-98	Lose
March 1, '79	Connecticut	Pick-'em	74-91	Win



Hill says he met two players at Logan Hilton.

Hill asserts the deal was made at this hotel.

to Boston with us, she said, "Why not?" The next afternoon Rocca, Tony, Mazzei, Judy and I went up there. After we arrived, we went right to the Sheraton at the Prudential Center and took three rooms—a suite and two others. Then Rocca or Tony called Rick and set up the appointment for 7 or 7:30 p.m. When I spoke to Kuhn, he said he would bring Sweeney with him. I said fine.

After the players showed up, we started off with general B.S. conversation. I asked how the team was doing, and they said they had a really good shot to make the NCAAAs, or at least the NIT. They knew they had a damn good team, and they did. They finished 21-9 that year, so nobody can accuse me of lousing up their season. We talked about their careers, and they both felt they were either too small or not good enough to make the pros. I asked them questions because I wanted to know what was possessing them to go into this venture. The players ordered dinner from room service. Both of them had lobster at about \$13 or \$14 a throw, but what's a few dollars among new friends? And we ordered some wine and drank a bottle or two. I don't remember what kind, but I think that's understandable. Because of the Lufthansa job, I obviously had a lot on my mind. Look at it this way: I had just fried some very big fish, so it was hard for me to always keep my mind on the guppies. Know what I mean?

But the important thing is that Kuhn and Sweeney knew exactly what I was there for. They knew that basically I was the heavy money out of New York. They also knew I was the one with the connections. Everybody wanted to make sure

that there would be no problem in getting the money down, and I promised I could guarantee \$25,000—but that was all. Betting big money on college basketball is very hard because very few bookies get into it seriously. In fact, the bookies usually will handle it only as kind of a complimentary deal for someone betting a lot on football or baseball. And even then, all they'll get you down for is \$500, maybe \$1,000 tops.

So I needed a string of bookmakers, maybe 10 or 15. I even let a few of them know what was going on, so they'd always be there to help me spread the money around. Most books have a limit on how much action they'll take on one game. If the limit is \$25,000, then anything above that, they call somebody else

and get them to take it. It works out. I had one guy in Manhattan who would lay off in Connecticut who would lay off in Cleveland who would lay off in California. There's a whole network.

That sounded fine to everybody, and at this point I got into conversation with Sweeney. See, Sweeney was a businessman like me. Birds of a feather. First he and Rick wanted \$3,500 a game, but I wound up chewin' 'em down to \$2,500.

Because Tony Perla was going to be my contact with the players, I told them I would pass the word on the betting line through him before each game. Then they wanted to make damn sure they could bet their money, and I told them I'd get them down as best I could. As it turned out, I guess I bet for the players two or three times, but I could only get down about \$2,000 or so, never the full \$5,000. I don't remember which games. Later, when Cobb joined our little group, he didn't want his money bet, and that was fine with me.

Then we discussed which games we would do business on. Sweeney took out one of those little schedule cards, circled the games he thought they could fool with, and gave the card to me. They kept saying they thought they had a good team and they liked the idea of just shaving points and not blowing games. The thing that got me was they were familiar with betting, they knew about spreads, they were not dumb kids. They knew how to shave, because when I tried to explain to them, continued



Two games, Holy Cross on Jan. 20 and Fordham on Feb. 3, were played on campus at Roberts Center.

they said, "Naw, we know all that s---."

The players also wanted to make sure they'd get their money right after each game. I'd either wire the money to Perla or send it by a messenger, like Judy. Or sometimes I would have other business dealings with the Pittsburgh guys, so it would just be a bookkeeping thing, moving figures from one column to the other. I knew Perla was wiring the money to Kuhn a lot of the time because that would be the quickest. We wouldn't use our names on wires. Sometimes we used the name of someone like Paul's girl friend.

Through all this, the players were

gung-ho. One hundred percent. Now they're trying to con me, talk me, persuade me. I've been involved in quite a bit of betting and I definitely know the score. But there they sat, drinking my wine in my hotel suite, and more or less trying to convince me that it's absolutely a 100% sure deal. They were selling me. They were the salesmen, not me.

I'm thinking everything is going so great that I better show a little bravado. See, I'm thinking if they don't do what they're supposed to, all that happens is they don't get their \$2,500. Meanwhile, I'll be out \$25,000, \$30,000, whatever.

So I say, "Don't play games with me. We're not talking about cigarette money. We're talking about serious money." The meeting took about two hours, and, as it happened, our first game to shave was the next night against Harvard. So we stayed over.

Kuhn gave us four tickets, right behind Sweeney's parents. So there are me, Judy, Tony and Rocca sitting right in the middle of the Boston College section, drinking beer and rooting like hell for Harvard to lose by less than 12. I got a little nervous because everybody was turning around looking at us, star-

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS IN THE BC CAPER

The Mastermind

HENRY HILL, 37, long associated with organized crime, former resident of Rockville Centre, Long Island. He was instrumental in planning the \$5.85 million theft of cash and jewels—the largest cash robbery in U.S. history—from the Lufthansa cargo terminal at New York's Kennedy Airport on Dec. 11, 1978. Hill's court-appointed lawyer, Robert Smeltz of New York, says the Lufthansa job probably couldn't have been pulled off without Hill. The theft began at 3:05 a.m. when six bandits with ski masks and guns moved in, aided by three inside men and a "coach." Thus far no major crime figure has been indicted in the case. Hill was arrested on April 28, 1980 by Nassau County, Long Island police, on 17 drug conspiracy charges. In an effort to save his life (eight people who had or were believed to have knowledge of the Lufthansa job have been killed), Hill joined the Federal Witness Program and last May became a government informer. Says Smeltz, "He wants a new life and he can't afford to be involved with crooks." Hill's part in the Boston College scheme began in the summer of 1978. Five days after the Lufthansa job he was in Boston Garden watching the first BC point shave. Over the years he has been convicted in cases involving gambling, illegal transportation of untaxed cigarettes and, in 1972, extortion. While serving part of his 10-year sentence in Lewisburg, Pa. federal prison (1976-77) he met Paul Mazzel (see below). Hill is married and has two teen-age children. His former Rockville Centre home was around the corner from the police station.

The Players

RICK KUHN, 25, 6' 5", 225-pound former high school star at Swissvale Area High southeast of Pittsburgh from 1970 to 1973. He rebounded well and was a good outlet passer. Al-

though he was slow and an ordinary shooter, his size helped him average 15 points per game in a high school junior and 18.7 as a senior, when a leg injury limited him to 12 games. Kuhn spent two years (1973-74) in the Cincinnati Reds system as a left-handed pitcher. According to the Reds, he was released in the spring of 1975. He attended Community College of Allegheny County (1975-76), where his coach was Herb Sendek. Says Sendek, "I was mildly shocked when I heard about it [the point shaving] but I could see where even the nice kids could get involved in something like this and be misled." Rick was a top reserve and occasional starter at BC, where he played three seasons, from 1976 to 1979. He averaged only 3.5 points in 1978-79 but was often used for his rebounding ability. **JIM SWEENEY**, 23, 5' 11½", 175-pounder from Trenton, N.J. He and Kuhn were known to be close friends. Sweeney, who started six four years he was at BC, was the squad's top assist man. He was the only three-time captain of any BC athletic teams in history and, as a senior in 1979-80, he won the Frances Naamath Award as the best little man in the nation. A former teammate, Tom Meggers, says, "He never, ever did anything wrong. In fact, we would make fun of him because he was such a goody-goody." In the summer of 1978 Meggers and Sweeney worked for the United Parcel Service in Winstown, Mass. "They liked Jim so much," says Meggers, "they gave him an office job, while I had to stay out in those hot trucks throwing packages around." Sweeney was a Rhodes Scholar candidate, achieving a 3.7 grade point average with a double major in English and speech communication, and was a lecturer at St. Ignatius Church near the BC campus.

ERNE COBB, 24, 5' 11", 180-pound star of the team, from Stamford, Conn. The third-highest scorer in BC history with 1,760 points, he

was a co-captain with Sweeney in 1978-79, when he averaged 21.3 points a game. Bob Zuffelto, former BC coach, now at Marshall, recruited Cobb. He says basketball was Ernie's "vocation and avocation. He was a gym rat." Cobb was a sixth-round draft pick of the Utah Jazz in 1979 but failed to make the team, he tried again in 1980 with the New Jersey Nets but was cut. Cobb now is playing for the Harlem Wizards, a Globetrotter-type team, based in New York City. Wizards owner Howie Davis says, "If politicians showed the same character Ernie shows, we'd all be far ahead. I say we need more Ernie Cobbs."

The Pennsylvania Connection

PAUL MAZZEL, a 37-year-old dog groomer from Pittsburgh. He met Hill in Lewisburg while under sentence for a drug conviction. At present he is under indictment in Nassau County on four counts of conspiracy to sell drugs. On Jan. 22 he pleaded not guilty to a heroin conspiracy charge in U.S. District Court in New York.

TONY PERLA, a 30-year-old former school librarian from Wilkensburg, Pa. He became a librarian at General Braddock Junior High in Braddock, a Pittsburgh suburb, in 1972. On June 25, 1980 Perla and other librarians in the district were laid off for budgetary reasons. When school began in the fall of 1980, he was a substitute librarian in the same school district's Alexander M. Scott High School. Perla got a license to operate the Sputnik Restaurant and Lounge in Swissvale on March 20, 1975. On Nov. 9, 1975 he was arrested for possession of a gambling device, a roulette machine, but the charge was dropped. He sold the lounge on Jan. 17, 1978.

The Go-Betweens

ROCCA PERLA, 22-year-old brother of Tony. His association with Kuhn began at Swissvale

ing. In my work, you don't want nobody starting. I felt great. I watched the boys throw the ball out of bounds, and it was gorgeous. Here are a few examples. Sweeney has a great night with 18 points, if you just look at the box score, but three times I saw him throw the ball away. Kuhn seemed to be doing his part, too. On one play he fumbled the ball out of bounds. On another play he fouled a guy but the basket counted. The Harvard player missed the free throw, but the ball bounced over Kuhn, and the same Harvard guy grabbed it, drove around Kuhn and scored. I liked

what I saw. I mean Kuhn was pretty bad.

I bet \$15,000 on this first game, just testing the waters. The waters tested fine. Everybody went home happy not only because BC won, which is good for the coach and the fans, but because they won by only 86-83, which was good for me and my people. And it was especially gratifying for Sweeney and Kuhn.

It seemed like the start of a nice marriage. I saw Sweeney doing things, and I thought, "Ahhhhh, that's my boy." I enjoyed it a lot. Wouldn't you? Right after the game I gave Rocca \$5,000, all in hundreds, for the players. I didn't get down for that much on the game. I made some money, Jimmy probably made \$10,000, Perry maybe \$15,000. After the game my group went to a bar across the street for a little champagne and a good time.

Now the UCLA game was coming up, and Tony was talking to Kuhn almost every day. Tony said we're on, and I said, "Fine, beautiful with me." So now I was reaching out for more bookmakers because I wanted to get down for more money. This was real easy money but I knew any normal book would become suspicious real quick if I kept calling up with bets only against Boston College. I got down pretty good, maybe \$25,000, \$30,000, and it worked out great.

Look at me. I'm making money, my partners are making money, a few of the bookies I've let in on the deal are making money, and the players are getting paid. Yes, sir, I had come a long way. I was born and raised in Brooklyn and I started gambling at age 7 by playing cards in the schoolyard for nickels and dimes. Mine was the kind of neighborhood where half of us grew up to be cops and the other half grew up to be robbers. I like betting on sports and I've done them all. In fact, I made a killing on college basketball in 1970-71. I'd like to say I'm pretty good, but the truth is I'm way behind. There is no way I'm a winner. So I don't gamble anymore. It's a trap, a terrible habit. Oh, I did backside last month and bet \$200 on the Super Bowl. Naturally, I lost.

I think of myself as a good guy now. I'm trying to make amends because prior to this I did some things I shouldn't have. But I've always been a gentleman, always. And my best days are ahead of me because I'm becoming a better man. As to being scared right now, I try not to think about it.

Next was the Rhode Island game. This

is one Sweeney had circled, but I was feeling jittery because a lot of people—hell, my people, Peter Vario, Burke, Perry, bookies—had bet a lot of money. But the other books were starting to get a little hep, so they were squeezing down Rhode Island as the favorite from maybe 15 or so to 10. Unfortunately, because those books were messing with me, a lot of my money was at 15 and the final spread ended up 13, meaning Rhode Island, which won 91-78, failed to cover the 15 points, meaning I have just had a disaster. Well, a semi-disaster. But a loss is a loss, right?

I was pretty upset because not only had I got down pretty good but my friends had got down even better. Of course, the damn players had a million excuses. But what was I going to do, take it to court? At least they agreed they weren't getting paid for this game, which was only fair. And they promised to make it up to us. It was here they began telling Perla we would have to have Cobb. They said they were trying like hell but they couldn't get the job done because Cobb was the key man on the team.

The more I thought about it, the madder I got. So I called Kuhn at his home in Boston. I still have his old number right here in my book. I start—

continued

Area High where both were students. Perla played junior varsity basketball there.

JERRY WICKS, blue-eyed blonde in her mid-20s. She's an unindicted co-conspirator in the Nassau drug case involving Hill and Mazzei and, at Hill's request, has cooperated with that investigation under the Federal Witness Program. On occasion she served as a messenger in the BC scheme, carrying money from Hill in New York to Tony Perry in Pennsylvania. She was introduced to Hill by Perla.

The Business Partners

PETER VARIO, Peter's father is Paul Vario Sr., a capo in one of New York's five crime families, whose territory includes Kennedy Airport. Peter was indicted in 1973 and acquitted in 1974 in a case involving the fixing of 43 superfecta harness races (betors pick the first four horses in order) at New York tracks between Jan. 24 and April 13, 1973.

RICHARD PERRY, New York gambler, business partner of Peter Vario, and another of Hill's friends. Perry was convicted in the superfecta case following testimony that he passed information to Peter Vario concerning race drivers who had allegedly been bribed. None of the drivers was convicted.

JIMMY BURKE, 50, of Howard Beach, Queens. A close friend of Hill's, he operated a dress factory in Queens next door to what was formerly Roberts Lounge. His criminal record dates to 1948 and he is reputed to be a member of the Vario crime organization. In 1972 he was sentenced to 10 years in federal prison for loan-sharking. Like Hill, Burke is believed to have had a key role in planning the Lufthansa heist. At the time of the theft, Burke was in a Manhattan halfway house. At present he is in federal prison for parole violation, stemming from an extortion conviction in Florida. This was the same case in which Hill was convicted.

—D.S.L.



Sweeney and Cobb on BC press-book cover.

ed screaming at him. "If you're not gonna do what you're supposed to do, if you're not gonna live up to the deal you made, just forget about it. I'll walk away from it now. Just don't make me go blow another \$25,000 or \$50,000. Now I gotta bet twice as much to get even for the last game." I just spoke to him, laid the law down. Then I decided to get a little rambunctious on the phone. I reminded him that he couldn't play basketball with broken fingers. Or something to that effect. Sometimes words have a way of getting things done. All the time he was apologizing and saying it wasn't his fault.

Everybody was distressed, and I was getting pressure from my people, who were saying to me, "Hey, who do these kids think they are, cuties? We're just out to make a few dollars. What is this?" I could see their point, so I emphasized to Kuhn that he should take my message back to Sweeney. And I was thinking how all this looked real, real good in the beginning, and now it's looking like a disaster. Now I was looking to bet \$40,000 or \$50,000 and I was definitely not ahead of the game anymore. But the players kept reassuring me not to worry, that I was going to get even and make plenty of money, money, money. I'm a sucker like anybody else. I went for the story.

Bring on Holy Cross. Without a doubt, the players said, this is the time we all get our money. Maybe so, but not only do I need to get a lot of money down bad, but I've got serious trouble with the books because they know there is hanky-panky. Hell, I'm told that at this point even the NCAA had heard there was hanky-panky. But some of the books didn't want anything to do with BC. And those who did not only were moving the line around but they were wanting in on the deal themselves. BC started off at maybe a five-point favorite and got down to two or less, but I was trying to make a big score. Well, BC won by only two points, and I had a lot of losing money down on this game. It wasn't an absolute disaster but it was a cousin. The problem was Cobb. He just kept swishing them in, 30 or 35 points, I don't remember. Worse, Kuhn and Sweeney still thought they deserved their money because they tried. College kids and try. It makes me want to throw up. I think we finally settled on \$1,000 each, which was too much.

And they were still saying, "We got to have Cobb." I realized that and so I

passed the word through Tony. "At all costs, talk to him." Next thing I heard Cobb was all set, but it was going to take another \$2,500 for his share. Of course, of course. I was upset, but what could I do? I didn't like dealing with a third party I didn't know and had never met. Plus, look how complicated it was getting. It's so difficult when you can't deal direct. I was hearing about Kuhn, Sweeney and Cobb through Perla. Or sometimes it even went from the players to Perla to Mazzei to me. It was crazy. I was behind the whole thing, but the information was getting to me third or fourth hand. It was awful. I was betting like mad on a

in sport—and I was happy because I figured we were in the money again.

It helped that the next game was against Fordham, a New York team, because that would bring some extra New York money in. BC was favored by 15, and I probably got down for another \$35,000. This was no problem for my boys, a snap. They proved themselves. Yes they did. This game is a good example of the beauty of point shaving. Cobb hit seven of 10 from the floor, four for four on free throws, had seven assists and only one turnover. Does that mean he didn't help shave? Not at all. Point shaving is sneaky and not nearly

AS FOR THE REST, NOBODY'S TALKING

Repeated efforts by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to reach the three Boston College players for their response failed.

Ernie Cobb's lawyer, Franklin Melzer of Stamford, Conn., said he advised Cobb it was not in his "best interest" to discuss the case. However, Melzer denied any wrongdoing by his client. Cobb's mother, Luvena, said she didn't know where her son lived or how to get in touch with him. "I'm not even worried," she said. "I know he's not involved in any of this. The only thing that's bothering me is hearing his name all over."

In Trenton, N.J., Jim Sweeney's father, Donald, said that his son is working but he doesn't know where or how to contact him. Asked if his son has engaged an attorney, Donald Sweeney would not say yes or no.

On one occasion, a woman who answered the Sweeney phone refused to take a message that Jim return the call.

Rick Kuhn's sister-in-law in Swissvale, Pa., Mrs. Fred Kuhn, said, "I don't know anything about this," and hung up. A call to the home of Kuhn's parents was answered by a woman who didn't identify herself but said, "You're not supposed to bother us." She hung up.

Boston College officials wouldn't help locate the players.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's persistent efforts to talk with Tony and Rocca Perla also failed. Rocca told SI he would not answer any questions. At Tony's home, his wife said he would have no comment, on the advice of his lawyer.

scheme I set up, I was losing my ass, and my phone bill was running as high as \$1,000 a week. Fun times.

But the word did come back that Cobb was enthusiastic and, don't worry Henry, nothing can screw up now. We're all home free. But all I knew for sure was I'm stuck for maybe \$50,000 and there is no happiness in my circle of people.

The next game was an added starter, Connecticut in the finals of the Colonial Classic on Jan. 27. I was nervous but the books who weren't in it with me felt better, because I had blown the last two games. And I must admit that with Cobb on my team for the first time, my heart was back on beat. I got down good on this one, probably \$35,000 with no problem. BC was a big favorite, five or six points, and they won by one. Beautiful. It was great to see—just a great moment

as messy as dumping. Look, kids have made thousands of bad passes by mistake for nothing, so what was so bad about making just one more bad pass and getting paid for it?

I'm told the Boston College athletic director said that if you watched a team coached by Tom Davis, "you'd feel it was impossible to fix a game." And Davis said even on looking back, he couldn't think of any time when a BC player gave less than full effort. Right. That's what point shaving is. Red Auerbach of the Celtics made a smart comment in a newspaper article about it: "There's no way you can tell if a referee or player is shaving points—absolutely no way."

My problem was that the books were getting smart-ass wise and they were fluctuating the line something awful. That's what happened with St. John's, which

turned out to be a little better than 50% successful. It was a push, or a standoff, with some books, I lost with others. It gets complicated, but the problem is, say you bet \$35,000, if you win, you get \$35,000; if you lose, you have to pay around \$37,500. It's so tough. Anyway, I negotiated a price with the kids, about half their regular fee. I guess they tried—again—what with Cobb hitting one of seven from the field, fouling out and committing eight turnovers. Afterward, I had a conversation with Perla about how maybe Cobb had overdone it. We laughed. Cobb probably thought he should do a lot for \$2,500. I thought he should, too.

The main thing I wanted my guys to do was know the line and watch the scoreboard. Another thing about point shaving is that sometimes just the way the game is going, mistakes might not be necessary. So then the kids get their money for doing nothing, and that's fair.

Occasionally, I'd bet on BC to win with nothing on with the players. Because I was paying them not to score, I didn't want to confuse them by suddenly telling them to do their best. Anyway, I didn't bet heavily on these win games, maybe \$10,000 or \$15,000. I did it mainly to try to make the bookies think we were O.K. And as I told you, I'm a little bit of a gambler.

I was looking forward to the Feb. 10 Holy Cross game because it was going to be on TV. It was close on the line, maybe pick-'em, but with the line fluctuating so much, I didn't do well. This was a full-fledged disaster. Doomsday. It still hurts to think about it. I was over at Jimmy Burke's place in Howard Beach, Queens. We got out the Michelob, some crackers, some cheese, and we're set. Jimmy's maybe got \$50,000 or more bet, and I'm down for probably \$35,000.

All three of my boys started this one, which meant 60% of the lineup was in the tank. Naturally, good things happened. Even the announcer said something about Cobb "forcing shots." Attaboy, Ernie! It's force time. At the start of the second half, Sweeney inbounded to Kuhn and Rick traveled. That's teamwork. Pass the cheese. Then the announcer said something about Cobb "not being under control today." The hell he wasn't. In one lovely stretch starting with about four minutes left in the game, Cobb made a silly foul, turned the ball over, missed two shots in a row and commit-

ted a foul. What can I say? But just when I was getting ready to drink my victory beer, things went sour. Suddenly there were a bunch of fouls and I don't know what all. But the only thing I know for sure is bang. I lost, Jimmy lost, everybody lost.

This was pretty upsetting to both of us. We just sat there and cursed and went crazy. But what were we supposed to do? Nothing. So we had another beer—this time with a Chivas chaser. All the books knew we were betting Holy Cross, so some of them kept adjusting the line, hoping to muddle us; that is, fluctuate the line so that half my money was bet under the final spread and half over. That way nobody loses, but nobody wins either. Well, they did muddle us. They sure did. And worse, I had even sent somebody out to Vegas to bet \$25,000 with the legal bookies; plus I heard that this guy might have blown \$10,000 of that money at the craps tables and I had to pay for his plane ticket. What am I thinking now? Well, what I'm looking to do next is to strangle some basketball players, to be honest, I was disgusted with basketball players.

But, because I'm a sucker, the players talked us into doing one more, the ECAC playoff against Connecticut. I did it simply because it was a good opportunity. See, I heard Kuhn was hurt and Cobb was hurt. The line was about pick-'em, and we knew BC was going to blow it big. I got down big, everybody did, and, of course, BC lost big, and now we were all straightened up and wearing happy faces.

But the fact is, it all could have gone a lot better on the season. Of course, I have to remind myself it could have gone a lot worse, too. Regardless, we finished with a good taste in our mouths about the whole experience.

And that was it. No fireworks. No nothing. It just ended, because Cobb and Kuhn were seniors and nobody seemed to want to do it anymore. The Pittsburgh guys were getting scared because there was an awful lot of nasty talk, plus it was hard for them to get down for even \$10,000. Even though everybody made money, it was a lot of hassle. And, listen, it wasn't as simple as I'm making it out to be.

I wasn't interested in any big-deal college-basketball-fixing thing involving a lot of schools like in the '50s. BC just happened to come along, although I ad-

mit that if another point-shaving deal or something had crossed my path, you know me, I definitely would have gotten involved.

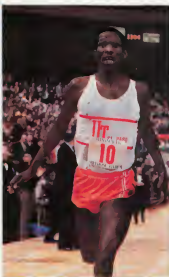
BC has said that neither the coach nor any other employees were involved. They're telling the truth. And I should add there were no other players either. But that's only because I didn't need anybody else.

I suppose some narrow-minded people will say I turned on the players, claiming they kept their word but I didn't keep mine. Well, let me tell you there are no good guys in this story. I was being questioned by government people about Lufthansa, and in the chronology of things they asked where I was in the days after that deal and what I was doing. I told them. Blame the feds. But I can assure you that BC was not the main topic of conversation.

Am I telling the truth? I am, 100%, as best as I can remember. And it will come out eventually. There's a lot of documentary evidence. And I believe the kids will tell the truth before this is over. Sweeney will, and the other two are fools if they don't come around. They're all smart enough, especially Sweeney, to see the handwriting on the wall. Funny thing. I sit around now and I think, "Ain't that Sweeney something?" He looks like a little choirboy, a legitimate kid. So why did he do it? The money, man, the money. That's why we all did it.



Cobb currently plays for the Harlem Wizards



Nyambui shadowed Seleuor ominously in the last third of the 5,000, bolting past him on the penultimate lap and finishing in record time (13:20.3). Then came trackside jubilation time.

Alberto Salazar knew he was there—he had been there a long time—trailing behind him like a cape. But there was nothing more for Salazar to do now but push on, as fast as he prudently could. Pitched slightly forward in full flight, staring fixedly ahead, his face expressionless, Salazar had set a blistering pace in the 5,000-meter run at last Friday's Millrose Games. Rushing through the first mile in 4:13.8, a split suggesting a world indoor record in the making, the 22-year-old winner of the 1980 New York City Marathon had the Madison Square Garden crowd of 18,211 shifting in the seats. But more than the splits were stirring them now.

Directly behind Salazar, not more than two yards back as they raced into the final six of the 34-plus laps, was Suleiman Nyambui, a spindly-legged Tanzanian who was running 12 miles a day, back and forth to school, when he was all of eight years old. He has since developed into one of the world's leading distance runners. Nyambui (pronounced ny-ahm-boo-ee), a junior at the University of Texas at El Paso, won both the 5,000 and 10,000 runs at last year's NCAA outdoor championships. And, coming off that, the silver medal in the 5,000 at the Olympics in Moscow. Now Nyambui was waiting to kick for the world record.

It seemed particularly fitting that the final minutes of this 74th Wanamaker Millrose Games should have found Nyambui tracking Salazar so swiftly. It had been a night of superior performances achieved with memorably dramatic effect. Winging off the pace in a surpassing display of strength and speed, Don Peige had raced to a world indoor record in the 1,000-yard run with a clocking of 2:04.9—two-tenths faster than Mark Winzenried's record of 2:05.1, set on an eight-lap track in Louisville nine years before. And Ireland's Eamonn Coghlan, also rousing himself off the lead, had swept past countryman Ray Flynn and won the mile in 3:53.0, by two full seconds the fastest Wanamaker Mile in history and equal to the third-fastest indoor clocking of all time. And while the men were running in circles, Joeli Huntley was soaring. Coming off surgery to repair a torn muscle in her right *continued*

WITH A LOT OF HELP FROM THEIR FRIENDS

A couple of determined front-runners enabled Suleiman Nyambui and Don Peige to establish indoor world records at the Millrose Games **by WILLIAM NACK**



Coghlan breaks the tape in the mile in 3:53.0, a Garden record, only 4 off his world indoor mark



Huntley topped her U.S. record by half an inch.



Walker was clocked at 6.25 to beat Houston McTeer in his 60 feet, but came in last in the finals.



Paige's 2:04.9 1,000 eclipsed a 1972 record.

MILLROSE GAMES continued

foot, the 24-year-old assistant women's track coach at Oregon State set an American indoor record of 6' 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ " in the high jump, surpassing by half an inch her own mark set at the Millrose Games last year. And as an early-evening fillip, the fans got a look at Georgia's Herschel Walker performing creditably as a sprinter. The 18-year-old tailback ran a 6.25 in his heat of the 60-yard dash before finishing last in the finals.

But it was the 5,000 that stirred the most anticipation, for the field was perhaps the finest ever assembled at the distance indoors. The presence of Salazar, the engaging young marketing student from the University of Oregon by way of Wayland, Mass., made it doubly at-

tractive. Salazar arrived at the New York City Marathon last fall announcing that he felt capable of running 2:10 in that, his very first, marathon. "I'd like to—I intend to—beat Billy Rodgers at his own game," he had said. And he stunned everyone by not only beating Rodgers at his own game but by also going the distance in 2:09.41, a New York record.

So here he was, back in the Big Apple and ready to make a run at another of the world's premier distance men. Salazar didn't boast that he would beat Nyambui. Neither did he say he made the trip to run second to him. Salazar had raced only twice since the marathon—he set a U.S. road record of 22:04 for five miles on Jan. 4 and then won a two-mile indoor race in Portland, Ore. the week before the Millrose. But he sensed he was ready to run fast enough

to beat the American indoor record of 13:40.6 easily and even to threaten the world indoor mark of 13:20.8, set five years ago by Emiel Puttemans in Paris. "I have to go out and break Nyambui early," Salazar said the night before the race. "I'd like it if someone else picked up the pace, but I can't count on that. I'll probably have to do it myself. If it comes down to a kick, I'll be dead."

Some view Salazar as a boastful, even cocky, competitor, but they are in error. If he sounds rash, he says, it is only because he knows his own capabilities and simply wishes to assess his chances intelligently. "I'm worried about Nyambui first," he said. "If I beat him, I'll beat everybody. I am less confident than I was before the marathon. They're saying I'm the favorite, and that's ridiculous. Suleiman has to be the favorite."

The 27-year-old Nyambui understood just how mentally and physically unyielding Salazar can be. But Nyambui himself was steered young as a competitor. He was born in the town of Murit, on an island along the southern coast of Lake Victoria, the son of a farmer. At the age of eight he began to run to school every day, carrying his books and lunch—sweet potatoes, bananas and slices of sugarcane. "Other children would join us along the way," Nyambui says. "We had fun. Later, when I was 12, I went to another school farther away and I had to run seven miles up there and seven back."

"Running in this unstructured fashion, you build a lot of strength," says Frank Shorter. "You don't burn out mentally." As a teen-ager, Nyambui eventually got involved in soccer as well as track. "I was very ambitious for sports," he says. "But my government told me I could not do soccer. Too many injuries. So I did only track." There is a kind of unbridled joy about Nyambui. "Nyambui loves to laugh," says Salazar's teammate at Oregon, Rudy Chapa. "Tell him the dumbest joke and he'll roll on the ground."

But Nyambui stepped to the line for the 5,000 as grimly as the hunter leaving for the chase. And that was exactly what he was. Just as Salazar knew what he had to do, so did the Tanzanian. "Before I came here, I was reading newspapers about this race and I was getting many calls from my friends on how the race would be," Nyambui said. "They say, 'Make sure you're close to this guy. Stay with him.'"

It only sounded easy. Sa- continued

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lazar took the lead and went through the first quarter in 62.4, the half in 2:05.7 and opened 20 yards on the field. Nyambui hung back. "It was too fast," he said later. "I took back a little bit." He was looking for 65-second quarters, but Salazar did the third quarter in 63.7, the fourth in 64.4. By then he was 30 yards ahead of the field. Now Nyambui began thinking of narrowing the gap. But Salazar moved even further ahead.

Salazar appeared to be running easily, despite the pace. As he began the second mile, he slowed, and the margin slowly decreased. As they neared the mile-and-a-half mark, Nyambui pulled away from the pack and set out after Salazar. The crowd buzzed. Salazar knew Nyambui was coming.

From the edge of the track on the first turn, Shorter yelled at Salazar, "Twenty yards! He's coming!" The next time around, with 18 laps to go, Shorter yelled again. "Fifteen, but he's working hard!" And Nyambui was. He stretched out in his distinctive, rocking gait, picking it up like a trotting horse that has found his stride. Beads of sweat gathered on his forehead and he looked vaguely worried. With 17 laps to run, Nyambui was only three yards behind. Shorter called his final warning above the din: "Here he comes!" Now Nyambui was right behind Salazar. There was nothing Alberto could do now. Together, in Indian file, the two pressed on. With 6½ laps to go, Salazar tried to rally, surging forward, but Nyambui clung to him.

"I knew I had to get rid of him," said Salazar afterward. "I tried, but it was already a pretty fast pace. It was going to be hard enough to keep that pace. It was a matter of whether he'd be able to hold that pace or not." They were running at a world-record clip, and Nyambui could feel it. He had wanted to make his move with four laps to go, to give himself plenty of time to break clear, but he changed his mind, fearing he couldn't sustain it if he went then.

They were a picture, the two of them out there on the lead—the young American looking grimly determined, as if fleeing for his life, the Tanzanian rocking along behind him, measuring him, looking ready to pounce. Salazar couldn't shake him. "You never really lose hope," Alberto said, "but I knew I was in trouble."

And then, like that, it was over. Stepping to the outside with some two laps

to go, Nyambui made his rush, blowing past Salazar in two or three bounds and setting sail on the lead. A roar went up, and the Garden crowd came to its feet. Salazar struggled to stay in touch, but Nyambui was sprinting now and Alberto couldn't keep up. Through the final straightaway, Nyambui sensed the record and strained to the finish, winning by 20 yards in 13:20.3, half a second faster than Puttemans' mark. Salazar finished in 13:23.1, shattering Greg Meyer's American indoor record by 17.5 seconds.

It was Nyambui's first world record, and he knew that Salazar was responsible for it. "I thank Salazar, because without him I couldn't have run this time," he said. "I like somebody who is ambitious, like he is. I was never sure I would win, even when I caught him. It was a tough race."

What Salazar did for Nyambui, Mark Belger had done earlier in the evening for his former Villanova teammate, Don Paige, in the 1,000. But here there was little reason to expect that a world record would be set. Belger had been training only lightly of late, after catching the flu and tearing a muscle in his left buttock, while Paige came to the event off hardly any recent training. Two weeks before the Millrose, while working out at Villanova, he strained the tendons on the inside of his left ankle. He strained them further in the Sunkist meet in Los Angeles and did nothing at all the week before the Millrose. "I've rested totally," he said. "Haven't jogged a step."

Nevertheless, he would run one of the most brilliant races of his illustrious career. Trying to "dissolve the potential" of Paige's kick, Belger sprinted to the lead and smoked through the quarter in 53.6. The tactic pleased Paige. Two years before, when Paige set the Millrose record in this same race, Belger had done the same thing. And Paige had taken advantage of it, roaring off the pace to win. "I was glad to see him take it out so fast," Paige said. "I thought he might take it out for two laps, then hang for four." But at two laps Belger was still widening his advantage on the field. So Paige took out after him. He was still 15 yards behind with four laps to go, but with two laps left he had Belger in his sights. Paige locked and at the start of the gun lap, catching the smoke from the pistol in his ear, fled past Belger, winning by 15 yards for his world record.

"You owe me one," Belger said to Paige. It was, after all, Paige's second Millrose record of Belger's early foot and at Belger's expense.

The Wanamaker Mile was supposed to belong to Steve Scott, who won at the Sunkist the week before and has been dominant in the event this indoor season. But it was Coghlan who found his old self. He had won three of the last four Millrose miles, but he came to the 1981 season about 10 pounds overweight. Just a month ago, in Johnson City, Tenn., Scott and Flynn beat him by nearly five seconds. "I remember down in Tennessee they all ragged me about how I was getting fat," Coghlan said. "I said, 'You wait. I'll be there at Millrose.'" He was almost there at the Sunkist, where Scott beat him by only 5 seconds.

As they say about race horses, Coghlan was returning to form. Craig Masback went to the front, as Flynn had hoped he would, and made the pace almost to the final quarter. Then Flynn sprinted past him, opening up a five-yard lead, with Coghlan and Scott in pursuit. With two laps to go, Flynn sensed victory. "I thought I had everybody broken," he said. "With two to go they weren't coming. One and a half to go, they still weren't there. Before these indoor meets, I was sort of a no-name. Now, I thought, 'This must be it.'" In the final lap, though, Coghlan set out for Flynn. Down the back side, Coghlan came to him in a full sprint. "I didn't expect him to go by at all. I expected Scott," said Flynn. He yielded at once, and Coghlan sailed home alone. Scott, coming up flat, finished fourth. (The next night in Louisville he would catch fire again, setting a world indoor mark of 4:58.6 for 2,000 meters.)

"The zip was back," an ecstatic Coghlan said. "There was something about coming here that made a difference."

Nyambui sensed it, too. He could hear the thunder of the crowd as he overtook Salazar, and it urged him on. At the end of the night he talked about going after Henry Rono's world outdoor record of 13:08.4 in the 5,000. He was fairly striding about the arena, full of himself and looking for someone to whip. Seeing Coghlan at the edge of the track, Nyambui approached him, wound up one arm like a windmill and slapped Coghlan's outstretched hand.

"Next, I race you!" cried Nyambui.

"Three miles," said Coghlan.

"No, no! Mile!"

END

This could be the year the Philadelphia 76ers meet a challenge and do not cross the street to get out of its way. In the past there were always excuses: mismatched talents, high-rise egos, Los Angeles Magic—all the reasons why, when it counted, the 76ers were a team that almost did but always died.

The players believe that is all behind them now, and maybe it is. Last week the new 76ers, the defensive, mind-your-manners, pragmatic 76ers, stared down the overhushing Boston Celtics, stopping a green whirlwind, reducing it to a zephyr. The Sixers stood up instead of backing off, and their 107-104 victory finally put some space between them and the Celtics in an Atlantic Division race that for the last six weeks has been the talk of the NBA.

After a week in which the 76ers took four games in six days, a week in which they won at Atlanta and then came home to beat, in succession, Boston, San Diego and Los Angeles, Philadelphia had a 48-10 record, the best in the league, and was converting doubters into believers. To bear them, all of a sudden the oft-maligned Billy Cunningham is a good coach, Darryl Dawkins has grown up and Julius Erving doesn't have to worry about anyone else's game as well as his own. Indeed, the club is so strong that its sixth man, Bobby Jones, made the Eastern Division All-Star team. Says Jones, "Every guy on this team can play. It seems like all 11 guys are having their best year."

So it seemed last Wednesday night: 76ers vs. Celtics, first sellout of the year in The Spectrum, Dawkins and Bobby Jones mired in foul trouble and the team ready to be had. So Caldwell Jones stepped out of obscurity to play 48 minutes, grab 20 rebounds and bound a gimpy Larry Bird into a flat performance. It was the 21st time the unobtrusive CJ had led the club in rebounding. Asked if he had a special contractual clause to reward such diligence, Jones answered, "The only clause I got is that I have to show up every night."

Two nights later against San Diego, Dawkins, no longer the master blaster,

put on a dazzling display of the marksmanship that characterizes his newly toned-down game. Currently second in the league in field-goal percentage at .611, Dawkins made eight of nine shots, including a pardon-me, over-the-shoulder, falling-down, backward flip off-the-glass number that wasn't as much show-boasting as it was pure accident. His only miss came when, perhaps bored, he eschewed a dunk shot, his former specialty, and hit the underside of the rim from a distance of about four inches. "I wanted to see if I could go an entire game without dunking," explained Chocolate No More Thunder.

Dawkins' return to the planet Earth is part of the reason why this Philadelphia team has been remarkably consistent. Only four times have the Sixers lost by more than four points, and the players have begun to talk about defense rather than the number of "in your face disgraces" inflicted upon the opposition. At week's end the 76ers led the league in three defensive categories—opponents' field-goal percentage, blocked shots and defensive rebounds—and they were fourth in steals. By holding opponents to 102.7 points they have achieved the best defensive average by a Philadelphia team since the old Warriors limited the opposition to 101.5 back in 1956-57, when the two-handed set shot was still in vogue. Against Boston, swarming pressure helped make the Celtics miss their first seven shots; after eight minutes Boston had only three field goals, all of them answered prayers. "We're not spectacular anymore, but we're workmanlike," says Erving, sounding like a union man.

All this is being accomplished by a team that features a starting rookie no one ever heard of and a veteran sub a lot of people tried to forget. Andrew Toney is the rookie, and unless you followed the fortunes of Southwestern Louisiana last year, you couldn't have known that he would become a guard fast enough to outrun his first-year mistakes. The 6' 3" Toney gained a starting role in November when Doug Collins suffered a stress fracture in his right foot, and although

Philadelphia is evoking fond memories of that year the Sixers, with the team's best-ever record, last won the NBA title

by BARRY McDERMOTT

Cunningham tries to keep him on a leash, the rookie has led the team in scoring four times and has a high game of 32. The rest of the Sixers consider the naive Toney a practical joke ready to happen, and while they are rolling in laughter on the locker-room floor, Toney is likely to protest, "You know you can't put nothin' over on me. Don't you know I be comin' from college?" That's when the bucket of water drops on his head.

The team's newest veteran is 31-year-old Otis Johnson, rescued from the land of playground refugees to shoot jump shots from the corner, along the way embarrassing every NBA general manager who threw away his phone number. When reserve Forward Steve Mix sprained his right foot last month, the 6' 6" Johnson stepped in as if he were walking into a game at his favorite playground down at 10th and Lombard, the

continued

Erving says he's feeling his age, but as far as Bird is concerned, the net result is still vintage Dr. J



**THESE 76ers
HAVE THE
SPIRIT OF '67**

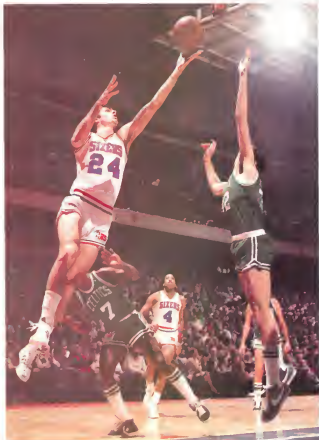
one with the chain nets. Against Boston last Wednesday, Johnson scored 16 points in 25 minutes. In his last 12 games he has averaged 9.8 points and 16.6 minutes, not bad for a guy who played for five teams in the previous eight years and who couldn't even get invited to an NBA training camp at the start of this season. Says Johnson, "In the past people said I couldn't shoot or play defense. Here, it's like Heaven and I'm an angel."

With cogs like Toney and Johnson meshing so well, and with the team getting a spate of games in *The Spectrum*, where they have won 21 straight, while

their Eastern Conference rivals, Boston and Milwaukee, both undertake long road trips, the '76ers have begun to ponder their chances of marching, or perhaps even bettering, the club record of 68-13 set in 1966-67. This might seem a rather preposterous goal, but Philly is almost right on stride with the pace of the 1966-67 club.

That the '76ers are winning is no surprise, of course. No other team in the last five years, or since Julius Erving set up residency, has matched its record. Philly has won and won and won, enough to make Cunningham the alltime coach-

Bobby Jones is so super a sub that the coaches voted him to the Eastern Conference All-Star team.



ing leader in winning percentage with a .694 mark. That's better than Red Auerbach could do with those legendary Celtic powerhouses.

But in the playoffs Philadelphia has found more thorns than roses. Last year's sorry ending was typically embarrassing. After trampling Boston four games to one in the Eastern Conference finals, Philly



Cheeks often cheekily drove against a foul-plagued McHale and an injury-slowed Archibald (7)

stubbed its toe against Los Angeles, the final night of ignominy coming when Magic Johnson, a rookie starting at center in place of the injured Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, scored 42 points in The Spectrum as the Lakers won the title and sent the 76ers slinking away like whipped dogs yet again.

And so this season, during December

and January and on into February, while Boston stacked Ws as if they were firewood, everybody held his breath and waited for the Sixer collapse. And waited. While Boston was winning an amazing 25 of 26 games, Philadelphia took 20 of 25 and held on to first place until Jan. 28, when Boston beat the 76ers by three points in Boston Garden.

That enabled the Celtics to move into first, but they may have used up too much of themselves getting there. The next night they lost to Chicago and dropped out of the lead. After the All-Star Game break and Wednesday's defeat in Philadelphia, they traveled to Milwaukee on Thursday and lost again, 113-103. That marked the first time since Bill Fitch took over as Celtic coach and Bird joined the team at the start of the 1979-80 season that Boston had dropped three in a row.

The Celtics' problem now is poor health. Bird suffered a badly bruised thigh in the first Philly game. M.L. Carr, switched to the backcourt this season, missed 41 games with a broken foot and is still trying to regain his form. To make matters worse, the team has just begun a grueling schedule of road games. Boston's 111-98 win over Indiana Friday and 123-107 defeat of San Diego Sunday were two of just three games the Celtics will play in Boston this month.

continued

Dawkins doesn't have to dunk to be deadly.



Johnson rose out of the scrap heap and took control of the corner



Caldwell Jones is a lean gang opponents just can't hold down



Toney was a little-known rookie who has shown he's really classy



Cunningham specializes in nurturing the young and reviving the old

Last week in Philly, Fitch considered the schedule and the injuries, and didn't sound at all like a man whose team had recently won 13 straight. "We can't get greedy," he said. "We're going to be a good ball club when the playoffs start. We don't have to be better than Philly until the end of the year. We want to do unto them as they did unto us last year."

The next night in Milwaukee, a cautious Fitch didn't play Bird in the fourth quarter as Boston lost again. But back in Beantown Friday night against the Pacers, Bird played 38 minutes and scored 31 points, and the Celts won easily. On Sunday against San Diego, still playing hurt, Bird got 19 points in 29 minutes.

Despite the Celtics' injuries and the ominous road schedule, it's far too early to write them off. After all, they still have the second-best record (45-12) in basketball. This is a team which, a week before the end of training camp, was shocked when Center Dave Cowens retired. Guard Nate Archibald, the floor leader, was a holdout until just before the season started. The Celts dropped three of their first seven games while they got comfortable with Robert Parish in the middle and rookie Kevin McHale coming off the bench to block shots. They were down before they were up, and they'll be up again. Says Parish, "It's like the Yankees. There's a lot of pride that goes with being a Yankee and with being a Celtic. We'll be back on the right track. We're not going to give up."

Last week's developments surely must have been comforting to Cunningham, who has had a tough time convincing the demanding Philadelphia fans and a skeptical press that he knows what he's doing. When Cunningham signed on in 1977, he was regarded as merely a caretaker for perhaps the most talented team in history. Cunningham convinced the front office, however, that in order for the trees to grow he needed to prune some unwanted talent. The club dealt away George McGinnis, Lloyd Free, Joe Bryant and Harvey Catchings.

Then Cunningham demonstrated an ability to take young talent and age it. He brought along Dawkins and Point Guard Mo Cheeks, and last season when Collins again was hurt, Cunningham had a rookie, Clint Richardson, step in. This year his nursery project is Toney, and whenever the rookie makes a mistake, he gets ready to shake the hand of his re-

placement, veteran Lionel Hollins. The result of all this maneuvering is that no one in history has won 200 games faster than Cunningham, whose career record at the end of last week stood at 207-91. And in a league prone to the distant and vacant stare, his players listen when he talks. "He's learned as a coach," says Caldwell Jones. "The first two years he was like a rookie. Now he's calmed down and gotten into the coaching."

Cunningham's method was illustrated by two minor incidents in Wednesday's game. In the first, the Celtics' Parish was whistled for his fifth foul. Cunningham immediately jumped to his feet and was at the sideline calling a play and yelling for his team to inbound the ball, even before the referee could signal Parish's number to the scorer's table. He wanted play to begin before Boston could substitute for the vulnerable Parish. The Sixers players could see their coach was not asleep at the switches.

The second incident concerned Erving. The Doctor tried a 20-foot jumper that Cunningham deemed injudicious. He was up quickly, yelling his displeasure. Now superstars don't enjoy being dressed down, although Erving probably is more tolerant than any. Still the message from Cunningham was clear. One bad jump shot can make everyone as trigger-happy as hunters on the first day of deer season. Erving understands. "By letting him say things like that, I'm giving him assurances that he's the boss and I'm an employee," says the Doctor.

But what an employee! Erving will be 31 on George Washington's birthday, and he's starting to get a few gray hairs, but his 16 points against the Lakers Sunday gave him a 26 average for his last six games. He still can put on a clinic, and after almost every game opposing players trek to the 76ers locker room to pay tribute. Following last week's San Diego game, for instance, Michael Brooks, Henry Bibby and Joe Bryant all had an appointment with the Doctor.

"It was a pleasure playing against you," said Brooks, a rookie from nearby La Salle.

"You're still strong," said Bibby.

"I got a formula that's keeping me young," said Erving.

Someone asked him if he had made any concessions because of age. Julius switched pronouns and sounded as if he were diagnosing a patient. "You're a lot slower," he admitted, "but you're a lot

smarter. You're getting the same result because you're getting by the guy guarding you, but you're not kissin' him good-bye when you go by."

Meanwhile, as the team wins and Erving continues to provide enough thrills to wear out the \$85,000 VPR2 replay device used in 76ers cable-TV broadcasts, there's a lot of head-scratching over a drop in home attendance. The team is off about 1,500 fans a night, the third straight year of decline. "Maybe our people are bored with excellence," says Lou Scheinfeld, the club president.

Scheinfeld was recruited from the Philadelphia Flyers to hype attendance, taking over that function from general manager Pat Williams, who had built a reputation as a promotional genius during the '70s with halftime stunts such as dancing bears and Little Arlene, a 105-pound professional glutton who during one doubleheader consumed 77 hot dogs, 19 pizzas and 21 soft drinks. This year Scheinfeld twice tried more modern gimmicks: laser light shows. Unfortunately, on both occasions the lasers didn't work. Then there was the Halloween-night costume contest when one fellow showed up wearing an obscene mask. Says Scheinfeld, "My feeling is, why not try anything? What have you got to lose?"

Attempting to find reasons for the lack of fan interest, Scheinfeld cites too many local telecasts, higher ticket prices and the fact that the rampantly parochial fans have been annoyed because the 76ers have passed over local players in the draft. (The team's racial composition—nine blacks, two whites—has also been cited by some observers.) Walking outside his office last week, Scheinfeld was confronted by a stranger who leaned out of a passing automobile and yelled, "Why didn't you draft Michael Brooks?"

"Must be from La Salle," he thought Scheinfeld.

In truth the Sixers didn't draft Brooks because they had no place to play him, not with a front line of CJ, Dawkins and Erving evoking memories of the great Philly team that had Luke Jackson, Wilt Chamberlain and Chet Walker. A kid named Billy Cunningham came off the bench that season. That was the 1966-67 season, the last in which the 76ers won a championship.

Since then there have been a lot of excuses and sidestepped confrontations. Now the 76ers have stopped running—both away and off at the mouth. **END**





ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN FLY FOREVER

*With a little help from the sun,
Paul MacCready's solar-powered
airplane heads toward the ozone*

by COLES PHINIZY

CONTINUED

On a bright blue day in December the *Solar Challenger*, the world's most expensive dirt-cheap airplane, took off from the Marana Air Park on the outskirts of Tucson. After circling the strip five times to gain altitude, the pilot of the *Solar Challenger*, a pert, petite schoolmarm named Janice Brown who holds commercial, instrument and glider ratings, headed across the cotton fields, arroyos and cactus-pocked desert. With the large propeller of her plane whirring slowly, making barely more sound than the beating wings of a goose, Brown flew for 22 minutes. In that time she reached an altitude of 500 feet and traveled slightly more than six miles. In so doing, she had in effect brought the history of aviation full circle, back to the legendary Icarus. It was because of the sun that Icarus crashed in a mess of melted wax and feathers. It was the power of the same sun that lifted the *Solar Challenger* and kept it flying, without any sweat on Brown's part, or a drop of gas, or any other source of power.

Compared to the super aircraft of the red-hot present, the *Solar Challenger* is not much for looks. Because of its big propeller, its broad wing and its stabilizers affixed to a thin boom, it resembles the rubber-band-powered "stick" model planes that kids build. The tough goosamer stuff of which it is made—Mylar, Kevlar, Delrin, Lucite, Teflon, Nomex, carbon fiber and piano wire—does cost a bit, but because the plane, without the 98-pound Brown aboard, weighs only 193 pounds, it didn't use much of anything. Structurally speaking, it's a bargain-basement item.

Its power plant—there's the rub. The propeller of the *Challenger* is driven by an electric motor, which, although the size and shape of a can of spray deodorant, costs \$500. The 16,128 voltaic cells spread across the upper wing and horizontal stabilizer to convert sunlight into electricity are valued at \$130,000.

Because the power derived from this bank of converters isn't enough to drive a large chain saw, the *Challenger* isn't a



MacCready inspects *Solar Challenger's* tiny electric motor, the tin-can-like object behind the prop.

practical machine. It came to be largely because of the enthusiasm it generated in the Du Pont Company of Delaware and in the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Du Pont contributed \$400,000 to the project, in part because the *Challenger* is made largely of synthetics the company produces. NASA lent the costly solar cells after sticking its own neck out to borrow them from the Air Force. Neither Du Pont nor NASA makes a habit of contributing lavishly to far-out ventures, but both could easily do so in this case, reassured by the fact that the designer of the *Chal-*

lenger was Dr. Paul MacCready, a Pasadena physicist whose reputation for getting improbable machines to fly recently earned him the title Inventor of the Year.

The 55-year-old MacCready has spent his life studying and using the God-given atmosphere that swaddles this earth and contending with the manmade stink that is spoiling it. His cerebration in behalf of human welfare ranges from the practical to the highly speculative. At one extreme, AeroVironment, the company he now heads, makes drag-reduction devices that save large trucks about 2¢ a mile. At the other extreme, MacCready has served on a national panel investigating flying objects from outer space. The fact that, even in this day of climbing fuel prices, only about a fourth of the trucks in the U.S. use drag-reduction devices forces MacCready to believe that the bosses of the industry aren't particularly patriotic or smart. As a result of being a member of the panel investigating unidentified flying objects, MacCready concludes that "there will always be UFOs as long as there are people who believe in UFOs." Between these extremes, his company, AeroVironment, has been involved in projects making the most of geophysical functions—namely windmills and turbines to derive power from the air and the principal currents of the sea. The compa-



The 98-pound Brown fits the fragile cockpit.

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Bethlehem 

ny also studies air pollution, using equipment that can trace noxious vapors and instruments that can determine the particular contaminants that are making people gasp and turn blue.

Getting something for nothing is a dream that dies hard. Alchemists of yore tried making gold out of base metals and never did. Today there are still well-educated noodlers who believe in perpetual motion. After graduating from Yale in 1947 with a degree in physics and a Phi Beta Kappa key, MacCready took a masters in physics and a doctorate in aeronautics at Cal Tech. Although he's too well disciplined academically ever to believe in something for nothing, when it comes to making a great deal out of almost nothing, he's a master.

Twenty years ago a retiring but ever curious English industrialist named Henry Kremer offered a £5,000 prize for the first successful man-powered flight. At Kitty Hawk back in 1903, to win its niche in history, the gas-powered *Flyer I* with Orville Wright at the controls spent a mere 12 seconds in the air and traveled only 120 feet. The criteria laid down for the Kremer prize were much stiffer. To win, the pilot would have to lift off under his own power and complete a figure eight around two pylons half a mile apart. He could cover the course at any altitude, provided he cleared a 10-foot barrier at the start and at the finish.

The original prize was open only to subjects of the United Kingdom, but because by 1967 it was still unclaimed, Kremer doubled the purse and offered it to the whole world. Since the principal humbug seemed to be getting machines to execute a 180-degree turn, at the same time he offered £5,000 to the first three pilots of the U.K. who could fly a simpler course, simply weaving, slalom-style, around three pylons on a half-mile straight. In 1973 Kremer upped the figure-eight award to £50,000 and doubled the money for the simpler slalom test. As if in desperation to get somebody to win something, three years later he offered £1,000 to the first Commonwealth pilot who could even keep his machine in the air for three minutes.

Between 1960 and 1977 more than two dozen planes were designed to win Kremer money. Some never got off the drawing board; others never got off the ground. Canadians designed one super-sized eight-man machine and another for

two men. Neither was completed, because of flagging interest and lack of funds. One dainty English beauty called *Mayfly* had a life even shorter than its name foretold. Before *Mayfly* was hauled out for its first test flight, the hangar roof collapsed, demolishing it.

Most of the Kremer-inspired craft did fly. Thirteen of them traveled farther than *Flyer I* did on its epic first hop at Kitty Hawk, but because the Kremer competition had become the recognized standard, all were deemed failures. Low-powered aircraft are necessarily light and large-winged, and consequently hard to turn. The best of the Kremer planes, *Stork B*, built at Nihon University in Japan, flew for nearly five minutes, but could never turn tightly enough to complete the figure eight.

Some experts concluded that because of its tough requirements, the Kremer competition was serving more as a deterrent than a stimulus to man-powered flight. Dr. Keith Sherwin, an aerodynamicist of the University of Liverpool, summed up the years of failure by saying, "At the present state of the art, it is rather like the Wright brothers attempting to fly the Atlantic in 1903."

Then along came MacCready. He first started thinking seriously about man-powered flight in midsummer of 1976. One year and a month later, in the early morning of Aug. 23, 1977, to be exact, at Shafter Field near Bakersfield, Calif., 24-year-old Bryan Allen, a trained biologist and devotee of hang gliding, backpacking and cycling, climbed into the MacCready-designed *Gossamer Condor*

and pedaled up, up and away, over the 10-foot starting barrier, around the pylons and across the finish, clearing the final hurdle by two feet. All told, from liftoff to touchdown, Allen was in the air almost 7½ minutes and traveled nearly a mile and a half. Shortly after the *Gossamer Condor* won the £50,000 (at that time, about \$95,000), Kremer, a man with a seemingly limitless store of enthusiasm and funds, announced two new competitions. One was a relatively trifling £10,000 to any plane not designed, built or flown by an American that could do what the Yankoo-made *Condor* had already done. The second was a whopper: £100,000 for the first man-powered flight across the English Channel. No other machine has yet duplicated the flight of the *Condor* to win the lesser prize, but the Channel award didn't stay unclaimed for long. On June 12, 1979 it was won by another MacCready machine, *Gossamer Albatross*, with Allen again serving as pilot and power plant.

The *Gossamer Condor* now hangs in the Smithsonian Institution—a poor sort of museum piece in one respect. Because of its 96-foot wing span, it takes more space than *Flyer I* and the *Apollo II* command module combined. MacCready has received a number of aeronautical and engineering awards and a couple of honorary degrees for his achievements. The label "father of man-powered flight," now often hung on him, is certainly deserved, albeit historically insufficient. MacCready not only fathered man-powered flight but also fathered the boy-power that first lifted his ma-

continued

High above the Arizona desert, the plane's dark solar panels gather in energy from the sun's rays



chines off the ground. His two eldest sons, Parker, now 21, and Tyler, 18—both proficient at hang-gliding—served as pilots in early test flights. His youngest son, Marshall, an accomplished skateboarder and unicycle rider, pedaled the Condor and Albatross a couple of times for kicks. This past summer 13-year-old Marshall became the first human to fly under solar power, aboard the Gossamer Penguin, an experimental forerunner of the present high-flying Challenger.

During his own boyhood in New Haven, Conn. MacCready built model planes—gliders, monoplanes, biplanes, oriolebirds, helicopters and autogiros. In 1941 he was national junior model-plane champion. Within a year he was flying himself. Five years later he took up soaring, winning three U.S. titles and one world title. Considering his practical experience and academic training, he seems the perfect sort to foster improbable flying machines, but the greater reason for his success exceeds such a simple explanation and in a sense contradicts it. Too much learning can be a burden.

MacCready succeeded where so many well-prepared men failed largely because he didn't let what he knew get in his way. Ray Morgan, manager of the *Solar Challenger* project, says, "Paul doesn't drown himself in the complexities of a problem. He can reduce things that would fill textbooks down to a bare equation with a few factors. He may not be exactly right, but he'll be close enough to determine what direction to take. That was the secret success of the Albatross, and that will be the success of this solar plane."

The Gossamer Condor weighed only 70 pounds, the Channel-crossing Albatross, only 77 (counting five pounds of water for Allen and two pounds of dew on the wing and stabilizer). The wing loading of the Condor wasn't only far less than that of rival machines built to win the first big Kremer prize; it was even less than that of efficient soaring birds, such as frigate birds, vultures and condors, which have selectively evolved through time. The weight disparity wasn't the only critical difference, but it is one that illustrates MacCready's practical approach. In the hangar where the fragile parts of the Condor were repaired again and again, a structural slogan evolved: "If it breaks, make it stronger. If it doesn't break, make it lighter."

Because his machines don't get much

notice except when they do something spectacular, MacCready's successes seem to have happened overnight, but many man-hours went into their development. There were many trials and errors. According to those who have worked for and with him, success was in large part a result of MacCready's unflappable manner and his optimism, provided the latter is taken in small doses. "When you first meet him," Bryan Allen says, "he seems to be withdrawn. He doesn't act like an optimist, but actually, if he has any shortcomings, it's that he's sometimes a wild optimist. He cannot believe that he's going to fail. When everyone is preaching doom, he still believes. Sometimes it was almost aggravating."

Back on one day when a vortex of air from a powered plane more than 100 yards away broke the feather-weight wing of the Condor, MacCready was asked if he thought his plane could win the Kremer prize. "It isn't a matter of 'if,'" he replied. "It's a matter of 'when.'" He admits his hopes weren't high on the day the Albatross took off across the Channel. In retrospect, he concludes that the attempt would have failed if someone up there had not been working overtime on his behalf. The someone he had in mind was Allen, who at times was pedaling desperately to stay even one foot above the water. It was reckoned that Allen could put out enough horsepower to keep flying for two hours. Traveling at about 12 mph, that meant he could make the 22 miles across the Channel on a calm day with energy to spare. Unfortunately, halfway across, the winds didn't stand fair for France, but quartered from ahead at six knots, forcing Allen to pedal for two hours, 49 minutes and travel about 35 miles through the air to reach Cap Gris-Nez. After exuberant helpers on the beach had broken one wing of his plane and a dog had bitten a piece out of it, Allen recalls MacCready telling him, "Take the rest of the day off, kid."

Project Manager Morgan remembers: "We were at Shafter testing the Penguin with Marshall MacCready flying it. At the start of a turn, it tip-stalled and spun down. It scared us all. First the plane stood on one wing, then the wing broke in three places, then Marshall fell out through the side of the plane from about eight feet up, and then the whole plane

collapsed on top of him. We heard a scream, but Marshall wasn't badly hurt. Paul wasn't out there, and I had to phone him that Marshall was all right and the plane was a wreck. When I finished, Paul paused a moment and said, 'Ahhah' and started talking about something he had on his mind."

MacCready was attracted to man-powered flight by the Kremer money. He went into solar-powered flight with a loftier purpose. Although he has lived most of his life in Southern California, an extravagant land, he's still a Yankee. To his way of thinking, the price of gas is not what it says on the pump, but more like \$10 a gallon when the military cost of protecting our foreign supplies is tacked on. He's flying the Challenger primarily to promote solar cells as an alternative energy source. Although they demand a fancy price now, he feels they'll be cheap enough as soon as there is a reasonable market for them.

After she had flown those 22 minutes in the Challenger, only to be forced down by faulty control of the propeller pitch, Janice Brown was asked how she felt. She replied, "I had this feeling. Paul MacCready, you've done it again." During a short week in the air the Challenger performed well—remaining aloft as long as one hour and 55 minutes and working nicely even on overcast days—considering that the low winter sun had little oomph and the plane suffered mechanical ills that all newfangled machines are heir to. Even before the Challenger lifted off for the first time in Arizona, MacCready the optimist was laying greater plans. Once the sun starts climbing in the spring, perhaps the Challenger will make a flight between two major U.S. cities; if not that, then in summer, perhaps a flight from Paris to London (never from London to Paris, because the solar cells on the sloping wing can convert more energy when the plane is flying westward with the rising sun behind it). Never one to be trammelled by setbacks of the present, MacCready is even considering a three-leg journey, in which the Challenger would start under the high sun of North Africa, cross the Mediterranean, travel north over France and on to London.

When all that is done, it will be a pity that Jules Verne is no longer around to report it. It's his kind of fiction that MacCready is making come true. **END**

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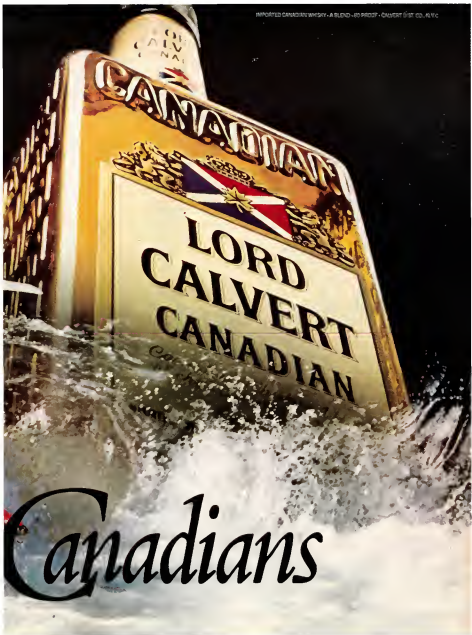
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A photograph of a kayaker in a red kayak navigating white water rapids. The kayaker is wearing a red helmet and a green life vest. The kayak is red with a yellow stripe along the bottom. The water is turbulent with white foam. The background is dark.

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BITTERSWEET BARNSTORMING

Except for the information on the plaques honoring the nine black players in baseball's Hall of Fame and in the few books on the subject, knowledge of the old Negro leagues is hard to come by. That may soon be remedied. Later this year a black baseball museum in Ashland, Ky. will open and a Negro leagues exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution will be unveiled; a TV movie about the life of Pitcher Satchel Paige is also in the works.

As a lid lifter to baseball's Black History Year, this Monday night PBS will telecast a 30-minute documentary entitled *Only the Ball Was White*, after Robert Peterson's book of the same name. The show is the brainchild of Ken Solari, a 27-year-old semipro pitcher and a producer for Chicago's WTTW. Solari spent a year tracking down nearly 100 former Negro league players and compiling the most complete collection of still photos and film footage ever assembled on the Negro leagues. The result is a sensitive and intelligent portrayal of a fascinating chapter in the history of our national pastime.

"I wanted to avoid an orgy of liberal guilt: 'Gee, it must have been tough on you guys,'" Solari says. A good thing, because he found surprisingly little bitterness among the old legends who were denied access to the majors. Watching them, viewers will be struck by their glimmers, joy—and anonymity, which Solari underscores by deliberately neglecting to identify some of them.

"Black baseball talent was never wasted," says actor Paul Winfield in narrating the show. "It blossomed in the Negro leagues." The former players agree. "When you're doing something you love to do, there's nothing lousy about it," says Jimmy Crutchfield, who once, while playing rightfield in an all-star game, made a stunning bare-handed catch. "I thought it was the first step in going to the top of the world."

For certain, playing ball was more enjoyable than most other aspects of black life in the years between the wars. "Listen, if I had it to do all over again, I would," says Paige, who pitched more than 100 no-hitters before reaching the big leagues in 1948 as a 42-year-old rookie. "I had more fun and seen more places with less money than if I was Rockefeller." When former Dodger Don New-

combe began his pitching career at 16 with the 1943 Newark Eagles, the majors didn't interest him. "I never had any idols [in the big leagues], not until Jackie Robinson and Roy Campanella came along," he tells Solari.

But the Negro leagues weren't all fun and games. The former players have little use for the 1976 movie *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings* because they feel it stereotypes them as gluttons with bats. In truth, their life was a demanding one of all-night car trips, preparing diamonds on game days and passing the bat in the stands to meet expenses. For all this, most of them got modest salaries, \$1 per diem and bug-infested rooming-house beds. Even the most upbeat black oldster must wonder how he would've fared as a major-leaguer.

Only the Ball pays bittersweet tribute to Josh Gibson, the most celebrated of all Negro league stars. Gibson often batted .400, and he slugged 70 or more homers in at least two seasons. Newcombe says Gibson was a better hitter than Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Vernon or Stan Musial. But when Gibson's talents began to fade, he turned to alcohol and died of a stroke at 35 in 1947, a year after Dodger President Branch Rickey broke the color line with Robinson, a second-string Kansas City Monarchs infielder.

Second string? Oh, what mixed feelings the black oldtimers have about Robinson's signing. Was strictly a business deal, says David Malarcher, who is regarded as the dean of Negro league managers. "Branch Rickey had more to offer those 15 owners than a little black boy. He had 50,000 black fans."

The players give credit to Rickey for choosing the strong-willed Robinson, a college graduate, football star and former serviceman, to break the color barrier. But at what price? Newcombe reminds us that Robinson nearly had a nervous breakdown after his rookie season because Rickey wouldn't let him blow



PAIGE WARMED UP IN THE NEGRO LEAGUES—UNTIL HE WAS 42

off steam. Robinson ended up a physical wreck who died prematurely at age 53.

Surviving Negro league players, by contrast, are spry and clear-eyed. "I was amazed at their recall of game situations," says Solari. "Who was on base, how many outs, what kind of uniforms they had, what kind of day it was. Buck Leonard, who was enshrined in the Hall of Fame in 1972, stopped our interview in the middle, went to the closet and pulled out his old uniform—Homestead Grays 32—as if he'd just gotten it out of the cleaners. It's obvious that baseball kept him young."

In fact, one of the most interesting men I interviewed was Malarcher, who's about 82. When we sat down on his couch, I noticed five or six file cabinets. I said, "Mr. Malarcher, what's in those file cabinets?" He said, "My poetry." He reached in and pulled out a 200-line poem he'd written about World War II. We didn't get around to talking baseball for a couple of hours.

Of course, the subject of black baseball is poetic, too. No wonder the players speak allegorically. In the documentary's most haunting interview, Crutchfield recalls a recent dream he had. "I singled off a lefthanded pitcher and the ball crossed second base," he says. "I couldn't get to first. I kept running and running, and I knew the guy was going to throw me out eventually, but I couldn't get to first."

END



With Coach Paul Hansen in the saddle, the Big Eight has become an O.K. corral for the Cowboys

is as startling to the hometown folk in Stillwater as the team's turnaround. For as long as anyone can remember, Oklahoma State—the entire Big Eight for that matter—has been synonymous with deliberate, low-scoring basketball. The reason Iba, who relied on a patterned, patient offense while winning 655 games and two NCAA titles during his 36-year stint as the Cowboys' coach. Today Iba is Stillwater's most revered septuagenarian, and he watches every Oklahoma State game from a seat in the southwest corner of Gallagher. One might think that such a renowned purist as Iba would shudder at the sight of half-court passes and streaking dribblers, but he's just another happy Cowboy fan.

They're runnin' and gunnin'

Oklahoma State's Cowboys, erstwhile plodders, are currently blazin' away

Oklahoma State's Gallagher Hall is a classic snake pit. Built in 1938 for less than \$300,000, it is a brick-walled bunker that holds 7,000 fans only if the ticket takers use shoehorns to wedge everybody in. When Cowboy fans are in full voice, playing basketball in Gallagher is like getting your head caught in a giant conch shell. This season, the place is roaring as it hasn't roared since the 1950s, when Henry Iba's teams routinely won Big Eight titles and Oklahoma State zealots deafened each other with clanging cowbells.

After flushing with a 10-17 record and last in the conference in 1979-80, the Cowboys were 16-4 overall at the end of last week and were tied for the Big Eight lead with Nebraska. They were also playing a run-and-gun brand of ball that had made them one of the nation's highest-scoring teams, with 82.9 points a game.

The Cowboys' hurry-up style of play

"The material you've got dictates what kind of game you're going to have," he says. "If you've got men who can play fast, they're going to play fast. If they're slow, they're going to play slow." Iba can cite numerous reasons for the decline of control basketball, but he stresses that players today are much better shooters than the young men he coached. "A good ball club used to shoot 40%," he says. "Now you're embarrassed if you shoot 40%." And better shooters mean a coach need not put so much emphasis on trying to work the ball inside for an easy layup.

The architect of Oklahoma State's basketball revival is 52-year-old Paul Hansen, who's in his second year as coach at Stillwater. Hansen is an affable man with thinning brown hair, small eyes, a hearing aid and a startled laugh. The laugh may be attributable to nerves because Hansen's first season at OSU, after 24 years of coaching at Oklahoma City University, was enough to put anyone on edge. No sooner had he and his family settled into their new home than burglars stole the microwave oven, the TV, a chain saw and his wife's jewelry. "We lived square in the middle of the highest crime area in Oklahoma City and were never touched," Hansen says. "We get into white, conservative America, and we're ripped off!"

A few weeks later a pickup truck hit one of the family's dogs, which recovered only to be hit again, this time fatally. Another pooch, a valuable Schipperke, disappeared, presumably stolen.

Now for the bad news: in last season's first game, Hansen's star player, a, get this, guard-center named Matt Clark, went down with a knee injury. Out for nine games. Four minutes later, Don Youman, Oklahoma State's top rebounder in 1978-79, tried to slap the ball off the glass and damaged two tendons in his left thumb on the flange of the basket. Out for nine games. Seven weeks later, Leroy Combs and Ricky Jacobs, two frontcourt starters, were sidelined with bad grades. Little wonder the Cowboys struggled.

"Hey, I'm a happy guy," says Hansen, shrugging off last year's misfortunes. "Shucks, those things are just going to

continue



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happen." Presumably, it was this jolly fatalism that sustained Hansen after he showed up for preseason practice feeling ill. Assistant Coach Wayne Ballard frowned and said, "Coach, have you looked at your eyes lately?" Hansen checked them in a mirror. They were as yellow as the gym floor in Gallagher.

Four weeks in bed with hepatitis gave Hansen plenty of time to think. Both his top scorer and leading rebounder had used up their eligibility. He didn't have a solid pivotman, and the early schedule had the Cowboys going almost a month without a game in Gallagher, an unpromising prospect for a team that had dropped 17 straight on the road. On the other hand, Clark was back, still a sophomore after a hardship ruling, and the front line suddenly looked formidable with the return of Combs and Jacobs, who had regained good scholastic standing. With Hansen issuing orders from his bedroom command post, Ballard and fellow Assistant Coach Ken Turner run the Cowboys ragged in practice, working on the theory that a team makes its own luck.

Junior Guard Eddie Hannon, who rarely shoots, proved them right. In the season's second game, Hannon beat defending NCAA champion Louisville in Stillwater with a 45-foot shot at the buzzer. It was his only field goal of the day. Oklahoma State fans were deflating, and the Cowboys suddenly felt lucky. Alcorn State fell 86-85 on a last-second layup by the willowy Combs, who proved it was no fluke by doing the same to Oklahoma in an 87-85 win a few weeks later.

Clark, a mere 6'3" but rock-hard, quick and twisty, creates the most difficulty for opponents. A center at Oklahoma City's Southeast High, where he was the state's high school Player of the Year in 1978, Clark expected to perform strictly at guard for the Cowboys, which is where he plays on defense. On offense, however, Hansen positions him at the high post with the 6'7" Combs stationed low. When Clark takes the ball in the lane against a zone, he has an uncanny knack for slithering between opposing giants to score baskets, draw fouls or drop off passes to the forwards for layups.

Clark swears he has a jump shot, but Cowboy fans are still waiting to see it. He gets his 18.4 points a game from eight feet in and from the foul line. "Against teams that have zoned us, we've scored 85 to 100 points every time," says Hansen. When opponents try to play Clark

man-to-man with a quick guard, he simply takes his defender low.

Mostly, though, the Cowboys run.

"I've been influenced by Mr. Iba, but I've expanded," says Hansen, who played his college ball at Oklahoma City. "The excitement of the game is in the fast break, and it's the game I like."

"Nowadays, you can't play Mr. Iba's style of basketball and expect to recruit," says Ballard. "Kids today want to run and jump and score." Besides, Oklahoma is not that rich in the tall high school talent needed to play a slower power game. "In this state you've got the wheat fields and the moonshine and a lot of cotton—but not that many people," says Hansen.

The recruitment of speedy point guards Hannon, an Iowa junior college star, and Ohio freshman Tracy Penn opened up the Oklahoma State fast break but bumped three-year starter Randy Wright, the Cowboys' career assist leader, into a reserve role. That could have caused problems, but Wright is happier as sixth man on a winning team than he was quarterbacking a loser. "The last couple of years we had players who were always griping," he says. "But there's none of that now."

Early success hasn't turned the Cowboys' heads. "The last few games are going to be something fierce," predicts Hansen, whose charges face a Big Eight stretch drive in which they must play four of six games on the road. Missouri and Nebraska proved that the Cowboys can be had away from home. The Tigers outmuscled Oklahoma State 92-77 on Jan. 28, and last week Nebraska took advantage of Clark's sprained right ankle—he played only 11 minutes, scored only seven points—to win 62-54. So far, though, the Cowboys have dodged arrows well enough to guarantee their first winning season since Iba's retirement in 1970.

"People ask why we haven't done well the last 10 years," says Iba. "Well, we had some reverses because I didn't do a good job recruiting my last four years." When asked why he had let down, Iba smiles. "Maybe I'm stubborn," he says. "Maybe I didn't want to recruit that hard. Or maybe I just didn't want to tell lies to some kids, I didn't leave the program as good as I found it, and we kind of lost the tradition."

"But now they've got a fine bunch of young men, and I'm so happy for them. Hey, they've got everybody around here jumpin' and goin'!"

THE WEEK

(Feb. 2-8)
by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST Right smack in the middle of the action, Iowa State Coach Johnny Orr dashed onto the floor almost as if to join his team's fast break. Actually, Orr bolted off the bench to yell at the refs for not calling a foul on Missouri's 6'11" Steve Stipanovich, who had struck 5'9" Lefty Moore of the Cyclones on the head with the ball. Orr drew two technical fouls for his tirade and wound up a 70-56 loser.

Another 5'9" Moore, Nebraska's Jack, is regarded by some Big Eight observers as the newest point guard in the conference—quite a compliment considering Darnell Valentine's presence at Kansas. Moore, who's averaging 13.2 points and four assists a game, had 41 points, six rebounds and six assists as the Huskers grabbed a share of first place with a 62-54 defeat of co-leader Oklahoma State.

A packed house of 10,997 waved love ya shockers towels as Wichita State defeated Drake 79-67 to stay atop the Missouri Valley. To win, the Shockers had to shake off the demoralizing effects of allegations in *The Kansas City Times* that, among other things, the coaching staff paid for an abortion for the girl friend of one of the players. Wichita State also had to find a way to stop the Bulldogs' 25.7-point-a-game scorer, Lewis Lloyd. Lloyd was finally contained by a 3-2 zone that held him scoreless for the last nine minutes after he'd scored in 34 points.

Houston's 6'9" Larry Micheaux, upset with his shoddy play the week before, shaved his scalp in hopes that bald would be better. And it was. Unlike Samson, the short Micheaux was a tower of power, pouring in 36 points and getting 24 rebounds as the Cougars retained their SWC lead by upending Southern Methodist 79-64 and Texas 75-59. Houston Guard Rob Williams, the top sophomore scorer in the nation with a 25.6 average, scored 51 points in those games.

Preseason favorite Texas A&M found little consolation in a 65-52 win over Texas Tech. The Aggies, who lost one-third of their famed Wall when 6'11" Rudy Woods flunked out at midterm, have a 10-9 overall record.

WEST "I don't know why, but when Mark Radford doesn't play well, Ray Blume does and vice versa," said Oregon State Coach Ralph Miller of his two prize guards before a pair of Pac-10 games in the Bay Area. And that's precisely how the two continued to perform. During a 69-54 victory at California, Radford played one of his worst games—he scored only eight points—while Blume, despite a bum right ankle, sore right thigh and injured right eye, poured in 26. At

SI TOP 20

1. OREGON STATE (19-9)	1
2. VIRGINIA (20-0)	2
3. DePAUL (20-1)	3
4. LOUISIANA ST. (21-1)	4
5. ARIZONA ST. (17-2)	5
6. WAKE FOREST (15-2)	6
7. UTAH (20-1)	7
8. KENTUCKY (16-4)	10
9. TENNESSEE (16-4)	8
10. UCLA (14-4)	11
11. N. CAROLINA (15-5)	12
12. NOTRE DAME (16-4)	9
13. BYU (17-4)	14
14. IOWA (15-4)	15
15. MICHIGAN (16-3)	16
16. WICHITA ST. (17-2)	17
17. MARYLAND (15-6)	13
18. S. ALABAMA (19-3)	18
19. ILLINOIS (14-5)	19
20. OKLAHOMA ST. (16-4)	20

* Last week

Paced by Dino Gregory and Craig Dykema, who scored 22 points apiece, Long Beach State took the lead in the PCAA by beating San Jose State 60-50. Kevin Magee fired in 66 points as Irvine won two games, including a 90-78 victory over San Jose and, in one of the season's biggest shootouts, a 117-110 double-overtime triumph over Utah State.

EAST When North Carolina leads by 10 points or more with, say, 11:53 to play, a Tar Heel win is a sure thing—except, it seems, when North Carolina plays Virginia. In January the Cavaliers overcame a 13-point second-half deficit to knock off Carolina, and again last week they rallied, from 16 back with that 11:53 to go, for an 89-79 overtime ACC victory. Jeff Lump scored Virginia's final nine points in regulation time, got the first basket in the OT and ended up with 21 points. Much of the overtime scoring was taken care of by the Cavaliers' Ralph Sampson, who had seven of his 32 points during that period, and by North Carolina's Al Wood, who concluded his 33-point night with 10 in OT. Wagner then held a surprising 44-41 edge over Virginia with 12:42 left before losing 76-69 as Lump scored 26. The Tar Heels had no such trouble with St. Joseph's, getting 20 points from Wood and breezing 83-64.

Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell ended up with the unpleasant taste of shoe leather in his mouth. Before his Terps played at Wake Forest, he said, "You know how Wake is; they always win a bunch of games early in the year and then fade." Well aware of those words, the Deacons beat Maryland 67-60. Keeping Wake from fading were Frank Johnson, who had a team-record 14 assists, and Jim Johnston, who scored 16 points and held Maryland's Buck Williams to seven points and three-of-nine shooting. If that didn't leave Driesell speechless, perhaps a 55-54 loss at Duke did. The Blue Devils, who were down by 10 midway through the second half, got 19 points from Gene Banks and two free throws from Tom Emma with three seconds to go.

MIDEAST Following two five-point SEC victories, Louisiana State Coach Dale Brown said, "We've lost our defensive concentration. Tonight it was a case of waiting for Macklin to do it." Durant (Rudy) Macklin rescued the Tigers against Mississippi State by scoring 29 points, 19 in the second half. Howard Carter was in target in the last half, too. He scored 18 of his 26 points after intermission as LSU prevailed 94-89. That victory was a school-record 20th straight for the Tigers, who earlier won 86-81 at Vanderbilt.

Kentucky Coach Joe Hall had his cake but couldn't eat it. Prepared in anticipation of Hall's 200th Wildcat victory, the cake wasn't presented to the coach after Tennessee upset the Wildcats 87-71. Dale Ellis had 22 points for the Vols, and Howard Wood added 17

and 10 rebounds as Hall lost for the eighth time in nine tries in Knoxville. Tennessee's speed helped topple Kentucky, whose Charles Hurt sat out most of the game because of a hyperextended knee he had sustained in practice the day before. Earlier, Hurt and Sam Bowie combined for 41 points and 19 rebounds in a 102-74 rout of Auburn. Tennessee came up short in its first outing of the week, losing 71-52 at Mississippi.

"It was a better performance than Bill Walton's in the NCAA championships," said Alabama-Birmingham Coach Gene Bartow about the play of DePaul's Mark Aguirre against the Blazers. In the 1973 NCAA finals, Walton led UCLA past Memphis State, then coached by Bartow, by sinking 21 of 22 shots. Aguirre did in the Blazers 77-66 with a more diversified performance: 30 points, 19 rebounds, eight assists in a 69-58 victory over Detroit, the Blue Demons' Skip Dillard scored 30 points, making 15 of 23 field-goal attempts.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DURAND (RUDY) MACKLIN: Louisiana State's 6' 7" senior forward had 31 rebounds, converted 18 of 25 field-goal attempts and scored 49 points to lead the Tigers to victories over Vanderbilt and Mississippi State.

Four hours and 10 minutes after practicing free throws in an empty Mackey Arena, Kevin Stallings of Purdue went to the line in a one-and-one situation. Now, though, 14,123 throaty fans were present, the score was 66-44 and five seconds remained in the Boilermakers' home game with Indiana. Stallings' practice paid off perfectly: he hit both shots for a 68-66 victory that dropped the Hoosiers, who had led by 10 points with 10 minutes left, into a tie for the Big Ten lead with Michigan and Iowa.

As is his style, Michigan Coach Bill Frieder gulped cup after cup of water during two home victories—79-77 over Michigan State and 71-64 over Wisconsin. Even more soothing than the drinks was the play of Mike McGee, who scored 49 points, and Marty Bodnar. For the fourth time in three seasons Bodnar sank a dramatic game-deciding shot—on this occasion a layup with two seconds left in overtime that did in the Spartans.

Iowa, outrebounded 45-31 in a 13-point loss at Illinois the previous week, turned things around in the rematch. The Hawkeyes won the board battle 44-30 and the game 72-66. "We didn't let them outsmoke us this time," said Iowa Center Steve Krafstin, who got all of his 14 points and six of his nine rebounds in the second half.

Notre Dame overwhelmed St. Mary's of California 94-63, edged LaSalle 60-59 and lost to UCLA 51-50. Michael Holton and Rod Foster locked up the Bruin triumph with free throws in the last 15 seconds.

END

Stanford the next night. Blume had eight points in the first half and Radford none as the Beavers gained a narrow 21-17 lead. Following intermission, Blume was held to five points, but Radford scored 21 to lead Oregon State to a 62-57 win.

Thanks to Lafayette Lever, Arizona State narrowly avoided a loss at California. The junior guard sank an 18-foot jumper as the first overtime ended and then scored four points in the second OT to lift the Sun Devils to an 84-81 victory. Back home, Arizona State swept past Washington State 77-63.

For skipping Monday's practice so he could ponder "problems that affected my hustle and desire," UCLA freshman Center Kenny Fields was deprived of his usual starting role four days later against Southern Cal. Fields, his hustle and desire obviously intact, came off the bench to get seven rebounds and sink five of six shots as the Bruins won 76-62.

Air Force pestered both Utah and Brigham Young before being shot down. The Falcons' deliberate play exasperated the Utes, who survived 48-46. At BYU, Air Force pulled to within six points with less than four minutes to go, but when it was over, BYU had won the game 62-51. Danny Arize, who pumped in 18 points in that game for the Cougars, also excelled during an 86-77 defeat of Nevada-Las Vegas, getting 27 points, nine assists, eight rebounds and three steals. UNLV got up more of a fight at Utah, leading 53-44 at the half. Then the Utes' front line took charge. Forward Karl Bankowski wound up with 28 points, Center Tom Chambers finished with 26, and Forward Danny Vranes had 20 as Utah pulled out a 95-83 victory.

Doug Wickenheiser stood in the Montreal Forum one day last June wearing a fawn-colored suit and a mile-wide smile. He had just been chosen No. 1 in the NHL's annual entry draft, a distinction comparable with being picked No. 1 in the NFL college draft. Small wonder that his family was agog and that the press strained to hear his every word. Montreal, the sacred Canadiens, had selected the 19-year-old from Saskatchewan over 210 other prospects. Montreal. What more could any hockey-hungry kid ask for? But now Wickenheiser is wondering if he should have signed on with the Ice Capades.

"To be honest, I didn't dream of not dressing for so many games," he says. Indeed, to date he has skated in only 30 of the Canadiens' 54 contests. A year ago, in his final season with the Regina Pats, a junior amateur team, Wickenheiser participated in 93 games, including play-offs, and logged nearly 40 minutes of ice time a night. However, in Montreal, his role is that of designated bench warmer. It has always been that way. "It is what we call holy tradition," says one veteran. "The young guys, they sit. They learn. Then one day, they're ready."

Which doesn't make it a whole lot easier for Wickenheiser. "There are so many people here with years of experience," he says. "I know I won't get one of their jobs right away. I try hard to stay up for practices because you never know when someone will get hurt and you'll get a chance to play. And I try not to worry about it too much."

But he does, of course, and even in practice, his frustration sits heavily. He skates through drills with a grim-faced intensity, as if greater determination will spirit him into the lineup.

"You have to give Doug credit," says rookie Bill Baker, who roomed with Wickenheiser until being sent down to the minors two weeks ago. "He keeps his feelings to himself and never complains. Even when the newspapers were



Lack of ice time gnaws at Wickenheiser in practices, too

Pining on the pines

Riding the Montreal bench is traditional even for No. 1 pick Doug Wickenheiser

full of why-isn't-Wickenheiser-playing-more, he never said a word against the organization."

Wickenheiser's situation has indeed brought sharp criticism from the Montreal press. The Canadiens drafted the 6-foot, 200-pounder to add size at center, where the veteran Pierres—Larouche

and Mondou—and the Dougs—Jarvis and Rusebrough—are on the runty side. Why not use the big kid who was the hottest shot in the amateurs last season with 39 goals and 81 assists? Mais non. Tradition.

If such attention to tradition was O.K. back when Montreal terrorized the league, it may not be now. The Canadiens are in trouble. They can't buy a win on the road, and they obviously need something to bring back the magic that used to be synonymous with the Stanley Cup. As Wickenheiser continues to play spectator, some Canadian observers wonder what the rap on their prize rookie might be.

They should look more closely. When Wickenheiser has played, he has shown occasional flashes of brilliance but more often stretches of mediocrity. For a center, he has played too hesitantly. Offensively, he performs well when he has the puck, but he seems lost without it. Defensively, he needs to develop his checking skills, which he never had to use at Regina.

Wickenheiser's season began brightly enough. He was centering Guy Lafleur's line. He scored his first NHL goal in Chicago on Oct. 23 in the Canadiens' seventh game when Lafleur fed him the puck and he slid it into the net behind Goaltie Tony Esposito. Headly stuff, indeed, for a kid just out of junior hockey. Since then, though, he has scored only five goals, and the shafts have been rare. "He'll play three, sit out 12," says Baker. "All the things that were second nature to him last season, or early this year, are still there, in his head. But he needs game situations to make them become second nature again."

For Wickenheiser, it's scant consolation to know that in their rookie years, Lafleur, Lapointe, L'écuyer played the waiting game, too. "Even if he is aware of Montreal's system, I know Doug had hopes of playing much, much more," says one teammate. Certainly, any junior outstanding enough to be branded tops by Montreal in the NHL amateur meat auc-

tion would expect to dive into the league and rip up the record books, or at least tear into a couple of pages. "I try not to think about it, and I don't enjoy talking about it," Wickenheiser says. "It can depress me."

To chase depression, Wickenheiser spends his off-ice hours reading, sometimes a book a day, and cocking an ear to Bruce Springsteen on his stereo. He also is trying to learn his way around the city. "This looks familiar," he says as he rides home from a noon skate at the St. Laurent arena. "Yeah, I think I live around here." Wickenheiser hasn't bought a car yet, nor has he decorated any of the walls of his apartment. "I want to get the right car and the right stuff on the walls," he says.

At the moment, he'd settle for being able to tell the right jokes. Wickenheiser is attempting to build an image as a team comedian, but he isn't having much success because of his low-key, overly subtle sense of humor. "Whenever I've got a joke to tell, everyone groans and says 'Don't,'" he says. "I just want to keep the guys and myself loose. When I'm not playing, I get too down if I don't joke around."

Last week, after cooling his skates yet again while Montreal played Minnesota and Boston, Wickenheiser paused to consider his life before he joined the Canadiens. "My father once figured out that I traveled 18,000 miles in one season of junior hockey," he says. "The shortest bus trip was about eight hours. Some were 15, even 24. A day on a bus. I can't tell you how many card games that is. But it teaches you to wait; you can't go anywhere except inside that bus. Eventually it'll get you to your game, and you can't play till it does. That sort of prepared me for what I'm going through now."

If the waiting is half of it, wanting is the rest. Pride in being a Canadian, in being privileged to wear the Montreal colors, is another tradition in the Forum. "You've got to want it bad," says Wickenheiser. And he does.

One recent afternoon, Wickenheiser was tinkering with his stereo, wearing decrepit jeans and a slate-blue pullover with a Canadian crest embroidered on one pocket. "I wear this—notice the logo is over my heart—until they tattoo one on me permanently," he says, only half kidding. "Then I'll know I'm here for real, and for good."

ENO



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They set the ice ablaze

A new crop of winners popped up at the 1981 nationals in San Diego, transforming a usually balletic sport into a rip-roaring athletic contest of rare fire and zest

This used to be a gentle sport. It was, ummm, elegant. There was an awful lot of what might be called tinkerbelling around, and in the old days folks went to figure-skating meets as one might the ballet. And while there was real rivalry, the champions always advanced in suspiciously orderly sequence through competitions that often seemed more feline than ferocious. But no more. A trend toward combativeness that started a few years back has now really taken hold and—at last—here is a sport that one can curl up with. Oh, sure, figure skaters

couldn't be mistaken for hockey players, and they still compete to piped-in music and all that. But nowadays they also go for the throat.

The country's best skaters fought it out through last week and on and on and on into last Saturday night in the 1981 national championships staged at San Diego's Sports Arena. The meet also doubled as trials for the world championships coming up next month in Hartford. Going in, there were 145 skaters in 10 events, including a bumper crop of prep stars who will bear watching. For maximum impact, however, only a few competitors counted. They were the top contenders for the senior men's and women's singles and pairs titles, which were put up for grabs when the old champs turned pro. And within this select group, everybody seemed fully intent upon doing the others in, figuring that when they kicked off their skates Saturday night someone else would be belly-up against the hockey barrier in a far corner of the rink. You've got to hand it to competitors with such fierce goals, and that's what made this a landmark year.

How could anyone not warm up to a guy like David Santee, 23, who used to be colorless and withdrawn, or so he claims, but who recently redecorated the entire inside of his psyche in a *Rocky* motif? Or Scott Hamilton, 22, the nation's expert at looking wispy and fragile—just moments before he blows your doors off? Those were the top senior men; they've been around figure skating forever, but never as world or Olympic or national champions. The favorite was Santee, from Park Ridge, Ill., who finished fourth in the 1980 Olympic and world competitions. Hamilton, from Denver, was fifth in those meets; both have repeatedly made futile runs at the

U.S. title, Santee for nine years in a row. Now that sort of frustration can make a guy really mean.

The women had even more reason to be ticked. Here was the incomparable Lisa-Marie Allen, 20, peerless skater and stunning blonde and the odds-on favorite to win at San Diego. Allen had always seemed to be finishing second behind Linda Fratianne or somebody in the nationals; she was fifth in the 1980 Olympics and seventh in the world meet. But Fratianne was gone now, off to the Ice Follies. O.K., Allen said, I'm going to give this my last best shot; one more time before I turn pro—and if I don't get the title, you're going to see some real teeth-grashing.

Well, except that up pops little Elaine Zayak of Paramus, N.J., who's anything but reverent about figure skating's usual order of things. Zayak is not only tiny, 5' 2" and 105 pounds, she's also just 15 years old. She had vaulted from the juniors into fourth place among the seniors at the last nationals, and now, at San Diego, she wore a look of absolute determination. Zayak wore it sweetly, true, but implicit in her every gesture was the promise that one false move and she would leap upon you and bite off your kneecap.

The women did the school figures in madweek, those figure eights traced into the ice, ho-hum, and—what's this?—up went Elaine ahead of Allen. Not by a giant margin, but there it was nonetheless. "Going into this thing, everybody favored Lisa-Marie," said Zayak. She permitted herself a wicked grin; in just the right light, she can look wise beyond her years. "Well," she added, "I don't know about that now." Both Zayak and Allen, however, were well behind another skater, the veteran Priscilla Hill of Lexington, Mass.; though it was really too early to start worrying about standings. School figures count for only 30% of the total score, and a skater can blow the school figures if she is a dynamite freestyler. No problem there for either Allen or Zayak.

On Thursday night the senior women tangled in the short program, really a

continued

The silverware was Zayak's, the silver, Hill's.



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Allen crashed in one triple: Zayak flew through seven

FIGURE SKATING continued

tenser for the grand finale: two minutes of freestyle skating to demonstrate their mastery of a few required moves, with the results counting for another 20% of the total. Both Allen and Zayak showed up in sequined blue costumes, and both were outstanding on the ice—but what can you do in two minutes? Well, you can show off differences in style. Allen is the last of the world's truly fluid skaters, all smoothed corners and graceful swirls. Zayak is power and bounce and verve, a kid who uses up the whole rink, as they say. This time, when the official flesh-carding was over, they were still standing two-three behind Hill, but the gap had narrowed a bit and the stage was set for the final showdown on Friday night.

"I'm going to do seven triples in my final exercise," Elaine said. She bubbled with more competitive giggles while that sank in. Uh, seven triple jumps? Come on, Elaine. Senior women can't do that; oh, maybe one or two, but most women just aren't strong enough. "Listen," Zayak said, "I'm dying at the end of my program, and I still got one more triple to go at the very end. Now that's hard; you've got to really train to do that." And she grinned again, an imp frozen for just this competition between being a child and a young woman. "This is a tough

age for me," she said. "I do and I don't want to become a woman. You know, I want to be older so that I'm treated like a lady—but I want to look younger so that people will see me and say, 'Awwwwww!'"

Now, how can anybody beat a calculated force like that? Elaine is a little sequined steamroller and in the long program on Friday night she crushed everything in her path. Take that, Prissy Hill. Watch this, Lisa-Marie. Can you do one of these? There were some sizzling flashes of double-lutz-into-triple-toe combinations, triples, double spins—even a brief shot of some old Sonja Henie smoothie stuff in the middle of her four-minute number. "Well, I was kind of sure of myself," Zayak said later. "Now, for the world meet, I'm going to do some even harder things."

How many triples had she attempted, one newsmen asked. "Seven," she said. That many triple jumps in one routine would be a world record. And how many had she completed? "Seven," she said. And giggled.

The official finishing order was Zayak, Hill and Allen, who ironically had fallen while attempting the one triple in her program. The top two will go to the world competition—and on that bitter note ended the long and frustrating amateur career of Lisa-Marie Allen. "Well," she sighed, "life goes on, doesn't it?" In her case, it will no doubt go on to a well-paid starring spot in one of the ice shows, where her elegance can be displayed to its best advantage. Indeed, Allen is too tender for this new breed, she's the classic lyrical skater caught between generations.

On Saturday night, along came the senior men in their big finale. "I'm coming off firing," said Santee, showing off his new aggressiveness. His feisty mood had come from watching Rocky, which, as movies will sometimes do, had hit Santee at just the right impressionable moment in his life. He had memorized the whole story, absorbed its overcome-all-odds moral, and had even added the theme song to his skating routine. All of which was fine with Hamilton, who was slightly ahead in the standings going into the long-program finals and had tensions

of his own to think about. He paced backstage, cracking his knuckles nervously and practicing his whiplike look. "It ain't over until it's over," Hamilton said, "but right now" ... snap, crack ... "I can hardly wait."

What followed was perhaps symbolic of the new mood in figure skating. It was an old-fashioned barn burner. Santee indeed came out firing, executing jump after jump—triple-flip, triple-toe, walley combination, triple salchow, triple-toe loop—coming down off the last one shaking a defiant fist at the ceiling, a la Sylvester Stallone, while the audience went bonkers. He stirred in some spins and loops, all his good stuff, and finished to a standing ovation.

Could Hamilton top an act like that? Well, yes. At one time somewhere in his exercise he was step-spinning so fast he threatened to rise into the air like a helicopter. Add to that a handful of truly scaring triple leaps and a Heinz 57 of axels and lutes, and the crowd leaped to its feet for another whooping ovation. The judges agreed, displaying a pascal of 5.9s on their cards, plus two perfect 6s, the only ones awarded at the meet and the first ever in Hamilton's career. That did it.

The new national champ was Hamilton, the silver medalist, Santee. The bronze went to Robert Wagenhoffer of Fontana, Calif., and it should be noted here and now that Wagenhoffer is a new flash who will one day wipe the other two out. "It was one of those nights," said Santee. "It was like there was a certain magic in the air and one guy passed it on to the next guy."

Fair enough. It was a fitting end to a skating meet in this new era of combativeness. One must also note that the pairs title, held for five years by Randy Gardner and Tai Babilonia, was, as expected, passed along without too much struggle to Peter and Cathin Carruthers of Wilmington, Del., a brother-and-sister act. But after all, the meet had to have a few unuspenseful moments.

So what lies ahead for this new order? Well, here's a clue: the morning after the women's finals, America's new champion turned out for an early breakfast. Zayak was wearing her brand-new, mature look. She was also wearing a pair of signature-model designer jeans, high-heeled clogs and earrings and bracelets. Awwwwwws behind her, here she comes.

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Lord Avie came from some 16 lengths back in the Hutcheson to catch Spirited Boy at the finish.

Yea, The Lord will provide

So far in his career, 3-year-old Lord Avie has taken good care of his 12 owners, who, with corporate bated breath, are now looking ahead to the Triple Crown

With three furlongs to be run in last week's \$56,800 Hutcheson Stakes at Gulfstream Park in Hallandale, Fla., Lord Avie looked a badly beaten racehorse. The top 2-year-old of 1980 had only two longshots behind him and there were four other horses far up ahead. The first race in any 3-year-old's campaign is always worrisome because horses go through a difficult period of maturation when they have been away from competition for a while; Lord Avie hadn't raced in three months. Then, at the head of the stretch, The Lord, as his stablehands call him, suddenly began to move, chopping steadily away at the 16 lengths that had separated him from the leader, Spirited Boy.

Only in the final 70 yards did it appear that Lord Avie might win. He did, by a desperate head. When Danny Perl-

swieg, The Lord's 54-year-old trainer, was asked when he thought his bay colt had the race won, he answered, "When the ambulance arrived to take me to the heart institute."

If nothing else, the Hutcheson proved that Lord Avie had fully recovered from a case of hives he suffered last fall, and was ready for the arduous 18 weeks leading up to and through the Triple Crown. But Lord Avie's race wasn't really good enough to frighten away any of his expected competition. Two years ago another horse that hadn't run in three months used the Hutcheson as a springboard to the Triple Crown. But that one, Spectacular Bid, won the seven-furlong Hutcheson practically at a canter in 1:21½, a full 10 lengths faster than Lord Avie's time of 1:23½. However, as jockey

agent Lenny Goodman has often said, "Time is only important to those serving it."

While The Lord hasn't been known for his brisk clockings, the Hutcheson was his fourth consecutive stakes victory. He has won six races in 11 starts and purses adding up to \$473,320. Furthermore, Lord Avie is the centerpiece of a heart-warming saga in the making. Most horses have one owner, some two or three—but The Lord has 12. At times in the winner's circle it seems as if everyone but the Mormon Tabernacle Choir has a piece of the colt. Lord Avie flies the light blue and white silks of the SKS stable, which traces its proud history as far back as, well, the fall of 1978.

SKS is a claiming stable, not the kind of outfit noted for Triple Crown candidates. Two of Lord Avie's owners are from Miami and the other 10 are New Jerseyites. In October 1978 Mike Kay, a New York racing fan who had moved to Florida, persuaded his cousin, David Simon, to join him in a horse-racing lark. Kay and Simon, both members of the board of Prime Motor Inns, a company that owns some 30 motels, looked up Florida trainer Neal Winkick and, on his advice, bought their first racehorse, a claimer, for \$14,000. Her name was Pearly Bagger, and while she never won a race for the fledgling enterprise, the filly hit the board enough to keep the checks dribbling in. The next horse SKS claimed was Fudgickie, for \$13,000, and when he was claimed from them for \$18,000, the stable had its first profit. Most of the Fudgickie money (\$16,000 of it) went to claim Judge Clark, and Judge Clark picked up a few checks before being claimed for the same price he had been taken for. By now the stable's roster of owners had grown considerably and included Simon's mother, Rita Sosower, Kay's brother-in-law, Michael Streit, Kay's mother, Edythe, and a family friend, Mort Leiwant. Leiwant is in roofing supplies, and is also involved with

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Simon, Streit and Kay in Prime Motors. Edythe Kay is a housewife who also runs a beauty salon. Only in America.

After being in business for nine months the SKSers had had a lot of fun but had failed to come up with a big paycheck, so the operation was moved to New Jersey and into the hands of a new trainer, Perlswig. In July 1979, SKS finally got its first winner, Dawn In The North, though that filly was claimed out of its winning race. Meanwhile the stable had claimed a 2-year-old named Mardevar for \$15,000. Horses named I Got You Babe and Balakiev were also bought at Perlswig's urging, and both turned out to be winners. Things were really looking up for SKS. Then Mardevar won twice. With the money earned from those victories and other good showings, the stable made its biggest expenditure thus far, \$20,000 to buy Georgeandthedragon (yes, one word) in November of 1979. Georgeandthedragon, who has now won more than \$100,000 for SKS, as well as three stakes, is by Lord Gaylord, at the time a relatively unknown sire.

Then came a blow: Mardevar died of pleurisy in January 1980. It wasn't a total loss; he had been insured for \$40,000. In early March Perlswig and several members of SKS went to a sale of 2-year-olds at Hialeah. There they saw another colt by Lord Gaylord, and in a sentimental gesture the group told Perlswig to bid as high as the \$40,000 the unfortunate Mardevar had bequeathed. Perlswig eventually got the colt for \$37,000 and, as the trainer admits, "I thought we might have a good 2-year-old on our hands." The horse was Lord Ave.

He got off to a slow start, losing his first race in mid-June at Monmouth Park, but he won his second, also at Monmouth, then was brought to Belmont Park in July for the \$50,000 Juvenile Stakes. As the east of thousands from the SKS stable converged on the paddock at Belmont, the swells regarded them as if they had just stumbled off the bus from Newark.

When Lord Ave won the Juvenile, whoops, shouts and giggles of joy filled Belmont's heretofore austere Trustees Room. Not only did the SKS owners have a winner, but everyone in the party had also cashed a bet at 12-1. The cheering continued. Before the year was out, Lord Ave had won the Cowdin, Champagne and Young America stakes and had placed in the Sapling, the Hopeful and the Arlington-Washington Futurity.

Now comes the best part. Just a few weeks before The Lord's first start this year, he was syndicated in 40 shares at \$250,000 per share for a total of \$10 million. SKS has kept 20 of the 40 shares, and according to the syndication agreement, if Lord Ave wins the Kentucky Derby, the value of each share increases by \$100,000 to \$350,000. If The Lord wins two of the following races—the Preakness, Belmont, Marlboro Cup, Jockey Club Gold Cup—a share increases by \$50,000 per win up to another \$100,000. Should Lord Ave win an Eclipse Award at the end of the year as well, the price goes up an extra \$50,000. Lord Ave could conceivably be worth \$500,000 a share by the end of 1981, a total of \$20 million.

Reaching all those bonus plateaus won't be easy, because there are some other redoubtable 3-year-olds around. SKS's top competition may come from Bert Firestone, the man who gave us Genuine Risk, General Assembly and Honest Pleasure in recent years. Firestone has a striking colt by Stop the Music from Quick Cure, which he has named Cure the Blues; the stable help calls the horse just plain Blues. He was undefeated in 1980 in five starts and at present is in LeRoy Jolley's barn at Gulfstream awaiting his first race of 1981. Jolley is a trainer who seems to have Kentucky Derbies chasing him around. In the last six

years he has had five Derby runners and two of them have won (Foolish Pleasure and Genuine Risk), while two others (Honest Pleasure and General Assembly) finished second. Jolley also has high hopes for two other colts in his keeping, Executive Order (Secretariat-Optimistic Gal) and Dush O'Pleasure (Foolish Pleasure-Dashing Diana).

And there is a less-tested but very interesting dark horse among the Triple Crown candidates. Just a few days before Lord Ave's Hutcheson, a large colt named Sain et Sauf made the first start of his career at Gulfstream and won in 1:25½ at seven furlongs. Nothing exceptional about the time; the extraordinary thing is that Sain et Sauf got to the races at all. In 1977 a mare named Fanfréluche, in foal to Secretariat, was stolen late one evening from a field at Claiborne Farm near Paris, Ky. For more than five months the pregnant mare was missing and presumed dead. Eventually, however, Fanfréluche was found grazing in a field 115 miles from where she had been stolen. Two months later, she dropped a healthy colt.

Prominent Canadian owner-breeder Jean-Louis Levesque asked fans to name the horse, and the one chosen was Sain et Sauf (Safe and Sound). Now Sain et Sauf is heading down the road toward the Triple Crown. At the moment the traffic is heavy but moving.

END



A gaggle of Lord Ave's owners traveled to Gulfstream to watch their stock soar in the Hutcheson.

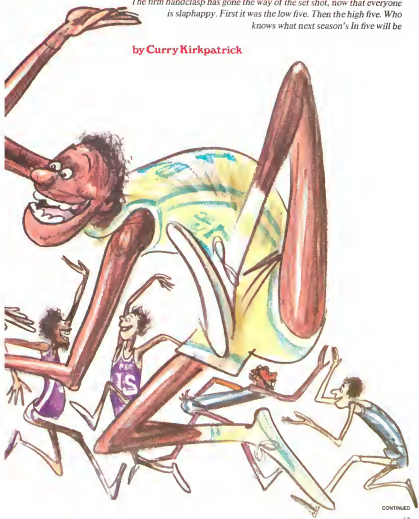
Whole Lot of



Shakin' Goin' On

The firm handclasp has gone the way of the set shot, now that everyone is slaphappy. First it was the low five. Then the high five. Who knows what next season's In five will be

by Curry Kirkpatrick



CONTINUED

Whole Lot of Shakin'

continued

At this very moment, Roosevelt (Shake) Speers is in the midst of inventing his new hand-shake, which, he claims, will revolutionize the industry. You may remember Shake because his athletic career spans much of the last two decades, in which handshaking—Speers prefers the more plebeian “shakin’”—has become the foremost evidence of a baseball/basketball/football player’s style and personality, not to mention the ultimate test of his character and manhood.

Speers, of course, perfected the jumble-thumb run, blister-wrist clack as a mere urchin of a rightfielder on the baseball diamond at Our Lady of Perpetual Motion High School in the Bronx. Fats Waller may have started it, but Speers perfected it. Subsequently, as history would have it, Speers developed the amazing horizontal, interlocking, gimmeskin wringing, tingling, underhand digit drill after he was recruited to be a ball-handling guard on the hardwood at Valley of the Bear Paws Junior College in Small Sandy, Mont.

After arriving in the big time, Speers initiated some spectacular welcoming moves over the next few seasons. Do you

recall the pumping knuckle-knocker? His. The overlapping, no-look, monster elbow squeeze? His. The 360-degree banana-roll butt pot? His, too. How about the Ha, Mom? While breaking all records as a seastack on the gridiron for Jackson C. Jackson University at Swine Jowl, S.C., Roosevelt (Shake) Speers became an absolute legend with the Ha, Mom.

In the pros Speers wasn’t so fortunate. Soon after joining the Buffalo Bills and giving birth to the high five, the low 10, the high-low five ‘n dime, the upside-down fist-pounding boogie salute and Speers’ personal favorite, the vertical cuticle side-nails tap ‘n slap, Cashmere Bouquet reverse facial get down, the Shakin’ Man was cut from the taxi squad by Coach Chuck Knox, who said Speers didn’t want to pay the price.

“You know the going rate for a Checker?” Speers asked.

Things have shaken out for the best, however. As soon as Speers has perfected his newest shake—he calls it the substation zebra, semicircle, pike ‘n jive, behind-the-buck relaxo twirl-out, and he says it may take upward of 47 minutes actual shakin’ time—the brilliant



You can't shake old traditions. In Japan they go head to head, among Eskimos, ay, there's the rub. In France there's nothing like prosto' cheek to cheek

innovator should be back in heavy demand. David Wolper already has called about producing *The Shaker*, a documentary film of Speers' life costarring Gary Coleman and Seaman Crothers. The Shake 'n Bake people are said to be interested in some commercials. And all the TV realism shows—*Hand to Hand*, *Those Incredible Shakes*, *Network Battle of the High Fives* and the Emmy Award-winning *Now That's A Handshake!*—are lining up for prime-time spots.

After all, greetings have become quite the rage. And Shake Speers was there at the creation.



Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest

—ECCLESIASTES 9:10



Rare is the activity as eloquent as the handclasp in revealing mood and feeling. It originated in antiquity when the right hand normally held a weapon so that, if empty, the extended hand became a gesture of welcome, of peaceful intent. Despite many campaigns against it, the handclasp has survived.

In 1880 a report of the Smithsonian Institution's Bureau of Ethnology by Carrick Mallory came out against "the senseless and inconvenient custom of shaking hands." Mallory said the handshake was by no means popular throughout the world and added, "The extent to which it prevails in the United States is the subject of ridicule."

In 1926 Dr. Louis Harris, health commissioner of New York City, also rallied against the shaking of hands, saying, "A person who has perspiring hands most often does the most shaking." This coincided with an effort in the U.S.S.R. to ban the handshake, which was sup-

ported by N.A. Semashko, the commissar of health, who said the act was one of the most potent means of spreading disease.

Ten years later the health commissioner of Baltimore, Dr. Huntington Williams, said people should abandon the handshake in favor of the bow, in the Japanese manner, for sanitary reasons. "It is more polite to keep your hands to yourself when greeting someone," said Williams. "The germs transfer from hand to hand."

In 1954 delegates to the International Health Conference in Scarborough, England were advised of a campaign "against the silly Western habit of shaking hands on every possible occasion." Dr. G.H. Chesney said, "We should copy the people of the East who more wisely bow in acknowledgment or who pat the brow. One third of the people in this country have infections in their hands."



Squiggly to Lenny on Laverne and Shirley: "Let's shake on it." The two start shaking their bodies violently.



In El Salvador the handclasp has been superseded by a hygienic salute. In Tierra del Fuego natives welcome strangers with a huge hug and a pat on the back while jumping up and down. Frenchmen and other continentals "kiss" each other on both cheeks. Israelites of old bowed to the ground seven times. Andaman Islanders bow and blow into one another's hands with a cooing sound. Some Indians near the Gulf of Mexico blow into each other's ears. Inhabitants of the former French colony of Dahomey



In the U.S.S.R. a warm welcome can be almost unbearable.

twist their knuckles until they emit a loud crack. On the Banks Islands in the South Pacific men hook the middle fingers of their right hands and pull them away with a crack. The Ainu people of Japan make visitors welcome by rubbing their own palms together and stroking their beards.

In New Guinea there is a ceremonial sign of respect in which a man costumed as a "mother" rubs his buttocks against a "son's" leg. Eskimos, of course, rub noses. They are bewildered by the handshake; they believe that one person is helping another hold up a hand that has grown tired. Muslims shake hands with the palms open and touch breasts, foreheads and lips, signifying endearment in heart, thoughts and words. American Boy Scouts shake lefthanded—the hand nearest the heart—with the three middle fingers extended to the wrist.

Extending only the fingertips was considered rude by the Ashanti tribe of Africa. According to John McDowell, an assistant professor of folklore at Indiana University, as far back as the 16th century the Ashanti had a handshake and even an expression: "Five must lie with-in five."

In olden times, the conclusion of a Dutch beekeeper's business negotia-

continued

Whole Lot of Shakin'

continued

tions—ritualistic handslapping, high and low—produced the derivation of the term "striking a bargain."



Magic Johnson, Los Angeles Lakers, 1980: "I started the high five at Michigan State and other people picked up on it. If anybody else tells you they started it, they're wrong."



Lillian Eichler in *The Customs of Mankind*, 1924: "The correct acknowledgment of to-day is a firm, cordial handclasp or the friendly smile and inclination of the head. The flourish, fingertipping, and high handshaking of the

last generation have passed out with other affectations."



In 1958 President Dwight Eisenhower was allotted 10 minutes in which to shake hands with a group of 440 visiting newspaper editors. He barely made it through 142, but established a world indoor record of 4.2 seconds per person.

When John Connally became Secretary of the Navy, he discovered that in an hour on the receiving line at a formal reception he could shake hands with about 1,000 people, thus breaking like's mark by nearly six-tenths of a second. "Generally you have to do a little visiting with each person," said Connally.

Connally shook the hands of so many people in his 1962 campaign for governor of Texas—180,000, he estimated—that he developed severe calluses on his right hand. After he was shot in the ribs, lung, thigh and wrist while riding in the Kennedy motorcade in Dallas, Connally had to wear a cast over his right hand and wrist and develop a lefthanded shake. "You have to react very quickly and apply counterpressure when handshaking," Connally said. "It's an art and a science."



"My own hand is not very comfortable in the intimate society of other hands and cannot understand the necessity for these constant visitations by strange fists, fingers, knuckles, palms, nails, lifelines, lovelines, cuticle, small bones, short bristles," wrote Russell Baker

in *The New York Times Magazine*. "I understand, of course. It is peculiarly American, as forming queues is peculiarly English and 10 o'clock dining is peculiarly Spanish."



John Unitas: "By the time you learn all the handshakes, the season is over."



In *The New Cab Calloway's Hepsters Dictionary*, New York, 1944: "Gimme some skin (v)—shake hands."



The onward and upward surge of magnificent and unique handshakes is obviously a further extension of black culture into American life. Big House Gaines, the basketball coach at Winston-Salem State, says, "I really think the slap five began in music rather than sports. I remember the musicians jiving, 'Gimme little skin, man.' In sports the blacks had the power handshake with the six or seven motions and the whites picked it up. I believe the slap five is one of the major contributions of blacks to our society."

Cal Irvin, a former basketball coach at North Carolina A&T, remembers the phrase "my man" from when he was a student at Morgan State and Illinois. "My man" meant you did a good job, and then other players would give a slap on the rear," says Irvin. "In the cities this 'my man' came into conversations. Not just among athletes but among intellectuals. If I was having an argument, say, and I made a point that was so good that in my opinion it may have won the argument, say, I would give [another man] some skin. That was an acknowledgment that I made a very good point. Among blacks it was a meth-

continued



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Whole Lot of Shakin'

continued



The high five may have begun in women's volleyball, where two separate slaps add up to a high 10

od of expressing themselves apart from any system. You don't see it in golf, tennis and bowling because, first, the competitors come from a higher level of socioeconomic life. Their expressions tend to be more conventional, conservative. Then, when you make a good shot in those sports, you're all by yourself. Go back to the Mexico City Olympics (in 1968) and the raised fist. Instead of being in protest, it could be used in a positive manner."

In 1968 Dr. Harry Edwards was one of the leaders of the Olympic Project for Human Rights, which gave impetus to the black-glove protest by Tommie Smith and John Carlos on the victory stand at the Summer Games. Now a professor of sociology at the University of California at Berkeley, Edwards says, "The variations on the handshake are part of African folklore, but there is little to verify that the various shakes began in Africa, or what they meant. I've read and heard

that there were certain shakes to represent fertility in the family, or long life, or bountiful crops, or just plain brotherhood. They also talk of the simple shake as representing peopleness.

"I became aware of different shakes in the '60s," Edwards continues. "The slap shake was practical for athletes. When running from one place to another, a formal shake would require stopping, but a slap could be done on the run. Maybe the high five is similar. I remember in 1966 at San Jose State there'd be different shakes—the soul shake was what we called one—and somebody would say, 'That's not the latest.' Who decided what was the latest remains a mystery."

Ralph Boston, the former Olympic long-jump champion, says the so-called slap five began among American black athletes on the international track circuit even before 1968. "I first remember doing it with guys like Bob Hayes and

Willie Davenport," says Boston. "A guy would do something good and the others would want to congratulate him. He'd hold up his hand and the others would slap it. It was a way of saying 'Good job, well done.'"

"One particular incident I recall was in the Tokyo Games in '64. Our 4x100-meter relay team had fallen behind pretty badly, and Hayes, our anchor man, ran a great finishing leg to win the race. Richard Stebbins, who had run the third leg, ran out to greet him and they exchanged the slap handshake. Lynn Davies, the British long-jumper, turned to me and asked what they were doing."

Boston goes on, "It's ethnic all the way. It's not so much for black athletes as for black people, period. I regard it as part of the black vernacular. It's sort of like jive talk. Black people can communicate with each other that way no matter what part of the country they come from. Back when I was younger I could go anywhere in the country and meet a black and talk to him in jive talk, or hip talk, and there would be instant understanding. The slap five wasn't planned. It just happened."

Boston says the high five is an extension of the slap five, but he doesn't think it will replace it as a traditional exchange. "It [the high five] is sort of entertaining," Boston says, "but the slap five is like Bach or Mozart. It will be here when the others are gone."



Jack Martin, former Duke and NBA player: "The soul shakes were a measure of a new sense of liberation, a throwing off of the yoke. But a thumb-lock just to say you're anti-America? I resented it somewhat. I was still mainstream America. I didn't feel it was genuine. It made hand-slapping as difficult as dancing with a stranger."

Jeff Lamp, University of Virginia basketball player, formerly a Louisville high school star: "The University of Louisville players think they started the high five?

If they think so, O.K. I don't really care where the high five began. I have never given the high five and I never will."

Habte Brown, head coach, Atlanta Hawks: "After every game we win, I shake all our guys' hands—all straight. A man has to stay within his personality. Give a man a man's handshake and a man will have trust."

Carl Barsich, Miami Dolphin defensive tackle, formerly an undergraduate at Princeton: "We were down-to-earth, conservative. We shook hands like real men. Not like a bunch of fags."



"It seems to me that the handshake points up a sharp difference in the white and black cultures in this country," says Ben Byrd, a reporter with *The Knoxville Journal of Knoxville, Tenn.* "The old, traditional handclasp is the whites' way of expressing courtesy, sportsmanship, tradition, whatever—probably a way of saying that if one can't be anything else he can at least be a gentleman. Of course, I'm white."

"I doubt if that form of expression, the handclasp, fulfilled the black athlete's needs. Generally speaking, white athletes perform with a certain restraint or reserve; blacks with more verve and outward enthusiasm. A restrained, courteous handshake scarcely fitted the blacks' mood or personality. They needed something different, something that was theirs."

George McGinnis of the Indiana Pacers agrees. "It's the way we are," he says. "Like dressing up or being very flouncy. Blacks have been oppressed for so long that when they do get something, they want to show it off. It's the same way with the slapping."

"I think a lot of people think of it as a bunch of crap, but I think it carries a lot of weight. You go to a black church and you see the same kind of enthusiasm. I don't mean flouncy-flouncy when I talk about black guys dressing up. I mean they want to show people they've got something. Take a white guy who might get

\$30. He'll go out and buy something conservative. When a black guy gets his hands on some money, he buys something that somebody will notice. It's all part of our history as black people. Italians are somewhat like this, but to a lesser degree. When I got my first car it made me feel good. The handshake is the same way. It's part of us and makes us feel good."

McGinnis feels the exotic handshakes are extensions of affection. "You'll get a white guy around blacks, and naturally he'll want to be like 'em," McGinnis says. "He doesn't want to be an outcast and he wants to be part of the crowd, so he'll say, 'What's happenin', bro?' Then he'll go through the whole series of moves in the handshake. I've seen times when he's done it all wrong, but it didn't matter because he was trying to be sincere."

Here's how McGinnis rates the shakes of his former teammates on the Philadelphia 76ers, who as a group were partial to pounding their fists.

Doug Collins: "He always had a thing. Whenever somebody made a good play,

Doug would come over and put his hand on the guy's head and shake it."

Julius Erving: "Pretty basic. He'd shake with the thumb and the slap."

Darryl Dawkins: "Your hands could die of suffocation. If you had your hand out for a slap, you always had in the back of your mind, 'Not hard, Darryl, not hard. Don't hurt me.' I once went to shake his hand in practice and he put me up over his head like a little kid."

McGinnis himself: "Basic. Slapping, but no heavy stuff."

During McGinnis' first tour with the Pacers, then in the ABA, an interracial shake between Mel Daniels and Bob Netolicky enlightened the proceedings. "They would grasp the thumb, then do the normal shake, then grab each other's fingers and pull," says McGinnis. "To finish it, they put the tops of their fingers against the other guy's and waggled them."

According to Dawkins, by the time certain handshakes filter down from veteran blacks to younger whites, the moves are passé. "To be honest about it, I must have started most of this stuff myself, in

continued



In baseball, the hard high five has replaced the high hand one as the game's most debilitating play

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Whole Lot of Shakin'

continued

my first life," says Chocolate Thunder. "Me and Doug Collins began a one-finger tap into the other player's palm. One time Coldcut (Dave Colescott, a rookie guard prospect from North Carolina) came over to me sayin', 'Let's shake. Hey, brother. How's it goin', brother?' I said, 'What the hell's the matter with him?'"



Simple and faithless as a smile and a shake of the hand.

—T.S. ELIOT, *La Figlia che Piange*



Pit Shake. Gary Bettenhausen beat Pancho Carter at Terre Haute, Ind. to win the USAC national dirt car championship, and moments after taking the checkered flag he risked serious injury while attempting a congratulatory handshake. "Pancho pulled alongside and shoved his left hand out," said Bettenhausen. "He was on the outside of me. I tried to reach out with my right hand, but our arms were about a foot short. With those wide tires we couldn't get any closer. We bumped wheels, and that's when we realized our arms were too short and we'd better give up."

The Laughing Five. John Jefferson of the San Diego Chargers caught a touchdown pass, placed the ball in the end zone grass and spun it on one end like a top. Then he looked over at his defender, pointed at the spinning ball and started laughing. Then he turned to a teammate and they slapped hands high above their heads.

Find Your Target. "This happened to me last year," says Marques Johnson of the Milwaukee Bucks. "Quinn Buckner gave me a really good pass and I went over to give him a high slap to congratulate him, you know, to thank him. But a couple of other guys went over to him at the same time. So, just as I was reaching up to slap his hand, he turned to slap with somebody else and I slapped him right

upside the head. I knocked him backwards. I felt terrible—mainly stupid."

Closer Slappers. The Buffalo Sabres slap five with their padded gloves after a scoring play in practice but they rarely slap in real games.

Cartoon. In Tank McNamara an overzealous football player begins to high-five a coach in the locker room. The coach goes with the regular handshake. The player cannot stop in time and breaks his hand on the ceiling water pipes.

Real-Life Cartoon. At Southern University in Baton Rouge, former football Coach Cass Jackson gave so many of his players the high five after they defeated Alcorn State that he suffered a chipped elbow. "The high five just about did me in," said Jackson. "But I don't mind it. I like it."

Falling Five. After defeating Andres Gomez in a grueling five-set match in last year's U.S. Open tennis championships, Mel Purcell walked to the stands to greet some friends. "Way to go, Mel," a fan yelled. Purcell then raised his arm to give a high five, swung, missed and fell into a pot of artificial flowers.

How Many? In the Sunday supplement *The American Weekly* of July 29, 1956, a new teen-age fad—the "Slap Me Fifty"—was described in words and pictures, a sequence that showed five ways to touch all 10 digits.

Providential Differences. Dave Gavitt, commissioner of the Big East Conference, coach of the 1980 Olympic basketball team and former coach at Providence College, says he "used to kid my players about it [the shake]. I'd tell them, 'Let's get it out of the way early because we've already lost about three jump balls getting it all in.'" Gerry Alaimo, former Brown basketball coach, who was dead set against the shake, says, "I was one of the last to change, to accept it. And I think it was one of the reasons I'm no longer coaching. If I hadn't been so conservative, so slow to adapt to things like that, I might still be coaching."

Joke. NBA player, extending index and middle fingers: "Gimme two, man. Ain't got time for five."

No Joke. In the early 1970s two members of the Hell's Angels motorcycle gang

continued

Terry Bradshaw



Tony Dorsett



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Whole Lot of Shakin'

continued



An athlete's handshake usually reflects his ethnic background.

in Oakland met a man who had come to their house to look at a motorcycle they were offering for sale. When the man greeted them with the thumb-clasping power handshake, the angry Angels objected and beat him to death. They were found guilty of murder on Aug. 17, 1972. *Pryor Restraint.* Baltimore Colt Running Back Don McCauley once met comedian Richard Pryor. "I just assumed he was going five," says McCauley. "I don't know if it's considered a Black Power handshake or what. So I went up to him and went like this, and he gave me a regular handshake. I'm usually the first one to give a regular, but I was thinking, 'Oh, Richard Pryor.' It was kind of embarrassing."

Saturation. Late last season the Dodger Diamond Vision message board at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles advised fans, upon the appearance of the answer to the baseball quiz, IF YOU GOT IT RIGHT, HIGH-FIVE THE PERSON SITTING NEXT TO YOU.

Jump Five. When the Atlanta Hawks' 5' 8" Charlie Criss has a good game, 7' 1" teammate Tree Rollins holds up his hand, forcing Criss to practically leap over the moon to get a fingernail on Rollins' outstretched palm.

Veto Five. Tucson Unified School District Athletic Director Bob Jones ordered

that, because of one incident of postgame violence, high school football players would no longer be allowed to line up and shake hands with their opponents.

Kiddie Five. Chris Conley, five years old, of Watertown, Mass., welcoming home his father, Spence Conley, 45, after a hard day at the office:

(Right hand in air) Up High! (Left hand at knee) Down Low! (Both hands slicing at hips) Gimme, gimme stereo!

Off The Field. Pat Walker, a wide receiver at the University of Miami, says all Hurricane football players do the same thing. "I can be walking from the laundry room on campus or coming from lunch and I pass by Jim Joiner or Jim Kelly or any of them and we just slap palms above our head as we're walking. It's like 'What's happening?'" says Walker. "I can be with my girl and he can be with his girl and we do it and just keep moving."

Champion. Ralph Garr, former outfielder in Atlanta, Chicago, California and the Dominican Republic, is the perpetrator of the 14-part handshake. Count 'em, 14. Lock knuckles, pull back, release, hit back of hand, hit knuckles, hit top of hand, both elbows, both hips, both shoulders, lock knuckles again, lock thumbs. Got it. All 14? It is said whites

needed only to go through four of these maneuvers to be considered friendly and "a brother" by Garr, who once uttered this monumental ode to togetherness: "You can't change the color of your skin, but when you cut the skin, everybody bleeds red."

So What Else Is New? Matt Goukas, who played in the NBA and is now a broadcaster for the 76ers, gets a feeling of déjà vu from the pregame intros. "When I first came up, they went to slapping hands, then to fists on the shake," Goukas says. "But I remember my father telling me about Camp Brebeuf in Vermont—it was named after St. Jean de Brebeuf, some saint who had been a missionary in Canada—where he had worked in the 1930s. The secret handshake of the camp was exactly like the soul shake in the pros—except you pulled your thumb back like a hitchhiker over the shoulder. No, there were no black guys at the camp. Are you kidding?"



Baseball free agent Lenny Randle, the Henny Youngman of the handshake: "High five? Next year maybe it will be the low five. Or how about the Indians? They used to do it with locked wrists. Remember Jeff Chandler in *Broken Arrow*? He couldn't act, but he had a great wrist shake."

"Once, in an NBA game, Abdul-Jabbar and Elvin Hayes were going through their routine in the center circle when the ball went up in the air. By the time they were finished, the ball was at the other end of the court, and here they were saying, 'Let's see, we kick elbows next.'"

"I've seen guys hurt a finger on the hand slap, then duck down into the dug-out to scream."

Baltimore Colt Center Ken Mendenhall, the Rodney Dangerfield of the handshake: "It's just something that comes and goes, I guess. They keep inventing something different. My method is just to shake hands. Nobody shakes an offensive lineman's hands, anyway. I'm

not even involved in the shaking after a TD. I'm usually getting ready for the extra point. They all swarm into the end zone and I'm not even there when the scorer is running off the field. When he runs by the huddle, I might say something, but I can't go chasing guys in the end zone."



What is wisdom? What gift of the gods is held in glory like this: to hold your hand victorious over the heads of those you hate? Glory is precious forever.

—EURIPIDES, *The Bacchae*



Ah, the high five. None other than. Who started it? Who cares? Magic Johnson claims he did. The Louisville Cardinals claim they did. The Los Angeles Dodgers claim Dusty Baker did. Dusty Baker claims Glenn Burke did. Glenn Burke couldn't be reached for comment. Hockey players claim that they did, that it began many years ago when they started raising their sticks on high after a goal. They're all wrong. Women did. Women volleyball teams.

"I started it in college, and I'll show you the films to prove it," says Johnson, who played two seasons at Michigan State (1977-79) which culminated in a national championship for the Spartans. "I've always been an emotional player. Back in high school we'd always give five. Then in college the front line was tall and we started to high-five. On the Lak-

ers I like to do it with Coop [Michael Cooper]."

Earlier this season, Johnson produced one of the more elaborate high fives after Cooper blocked a shot by Houston's Moses Malone. The two Laker teammates couldn't contain themselves. They executed a leaping, crashing, roaring high five. Then another, harder. A third, still harder. A high-five series. Unbelievable. And after all that, Johnson gave Cooper a hard slap on the rear end.

"If you're not afraid to give it up, if you want to get into it, I mean I want to smack you," Johnson says. "That one with Cooper was one of the better ones. Beautiful."

Not so beautiful. Johnson nearly broke Cooper's wrist. "Magic didn't hit my hand," says Cooper. "He didn't get the meat of it. But the intensity was there. Not like the traditional shake. That went out with American-made cars."

Johnson uses the high five even in moments of anger. One night in Atlanta, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar drew what he thought was an undeserved foul and began steaming around in a fury. Immediately Johnson high-fived him. Pflift went Kareem's anger. "The high five can do a lot of things for you," says Magic. Last year the rookie also was credited with inventing the behind-the-back hug after Jamaal Wilkes converted an impossible layup in a game against Phoenix. "There's a lot of ways to high-five without high-fiving," Johnson says.

The Dodgers' theory is that Baker and Burke unveiled the high five at Dodger Stadium on Oct. 5, 1977 (what other day of the month could it have been?) in the second game of the National League playoffs after Baker ripped a grand-slam home run off Philadelphia's Jim Lonborg.

As Baker approached the dugout, Burke roared out and wound up his arm in a motion spontaneously matched by Baker as the two met in an explosion of joy. "That's right, man," Baker says. "That was it. The first high five. But I didn't originate it. It's just like a rumor. You'll never find the originator of the high five, just as you'll never find out who started the shing-a-ling. But Glenn gets the credit for that one. He was from the Bay Area, and everything starts there before it gets to the rest of the world. It was a moment of jubilation. If he had slapped me across the head, I would have done the same. In those moments you don't think about what's kosher."

The Dodgers' Rick Monday says Baker is the "supreme" high-five stylist. "He's easily excitable," says Monday. "Reggie Smith is a brute-force high five. Then you have Burt Hooton. His idea of a high five is standing up and nodding. You give Tom Lasorda a high five and you get back a low elbow. He needs 30 seconds notice to go get a pogo stick. How long will the high five last? Until everybody gets bursitis."

The high five has existed a long time in women's volleyball, at least since 1970. "It was always there," says Andy Barnachowski, the UCLA women's coach. "Almost like a personal thing. Each team did it a little bit differently. In volleyball you are so reliant on one another, dependent on communication. After a spike or block it was, like, a high 10. This season our girls are trying something different yet. While one hand gives the slap coming down, the other accepts a slap coming up. Then they reverse in a mirror image. It's something."

Kathy Gregory, the women's coach at
continued



The popular "sou" shake includes the handshake (1), a twist lock (2), another handshake (3) and a finger lock (4). The last pound (5) is optional.

Whole Lot of Shakin'

continued

the University of California at Santa Barbara, who played college and pro volleyball in the late '60s and early '70s, remembers the high 10 being most prevalent after errors.

"It was a conciliatory gesture back then," Gregory says. "If a girl hit a ball out or made some other mistake, we just went up and high-slapped her. You know, women give so much more support to each other than men do. We get more excited. We play on a higher emotional level. Our philosophy is never to get down on a teammate. I think the young teams from Hawaii first generated this spirit, the clapping of hands. Nick's Fish-market had a team that came over to play in the USVBA tournaments in the early '70s. They were just high school girls and they high-slapped all over the place. Then we all started doing it after spikes or side outs. The men? For every one high five they did, we must have high-fived a million times. No contest."



Gene Banks and Kenny Dennard, the one an inner city black from Philadelphia, the other a white farm boy from North Carolina, are playing basketball together for the fourth season at Duke University. At present they are an undergraduate comedy team specializing in ribald humor and self-deprecating one-liners. As difficult as it may be, they can almost get serious about handshakes.

Banks speaks of the "three E's. You feel enthusiasm, and by slapping hands or shaking with someone you transfer energy and that creates excitement. E-E-E. Three E's. Of course, it's ethnic," Banks continues. "It's not just a fad. People will keep inventing new handshakes until the end of time because it's a form of expression and communication. You can't have any time limit on shakin'. It's infinite. The shakes are getting so sophisticated now that you walk down the streets of New York or Philly and people are adding dance steps. You see guys shaking hands and it looks like *Soul Train*."

From their freshman seasons—when Duke reached the final game of the NCAA tournament—Banks and Dennard have enlivened pregame introductions with their patented "body slams."

"We just bounced off each other," says Dennard. "No shakes necessary. But we did that, too. We were getting pumped up, fired up, juiced. We have large bodies, and us slamming gave off power. Sure it's dangerous. We've come real close to hurting each other."

Before Duke, Dennard's only exposure to the intrigue of shakes was in the sixth grade, when he was bused from his Winston-Salem suburb to the integrated Carver Crest Elementary School, where some of the students had a rhyme that went something like this:

*Switchblades, knifeblades,
razorblades, too,*

*If we don't win, we gonna use 'em
on you.*

After one year Dennard moved to King, N.C., in the country. "I was a frustrated fat little kid growing up," he says. "Not into handshakes or any of that. I was intimidated. Initially at Duke I didn't know whether to grasp or clutch, hit my chest and salute or what. Do it, and the in crowd thinks I'm suckin' up. Don't do it, and they think I'm uncool. You don't get an identity until college. My shake was the white-boy special. Then Gene said, 'Gimme a pound,' and I learned. We'd bring it all back and . . . who! It was, like, making contact. Then came the body slam, our own. All these new shakes are nothing but cloned stuff from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Da-dum. You know, the elbow sex and that deal."

Banks and Dennard are working on a terrific new number—a sort of charade five—in which they fake the shake up top, continue to whirlwind their arms down low, then slap and clasp in a reverse, behind-the-back position. It's guaranteed to wow them in King. "If we don't break our arms," says Dennard.



Shake Well Before . . . Dept. The other day near Savannah, Coach Tom Mackey of the Cathedral Day School girls' basketball team got into an argument with Referee Jimmy George during Cathedral's game at St. Michael's School on Tybee Island. The game started on a sour note when George charged Cathedral with five technical fouls because the team was late and hadn't entered its players in the scorebook. St. Michael's missed all five free throws. Later two more T's were assessed against Cathedral by George for incorrect substitutions, although one was overruled by the second ref. At this point Mackey announced he was playing the game under protest, after which George told Mackey he would have to return to his bench.

But during an ensuing inbound play near Mackey, he allegedly wound up and hit George, knocking him, according to an eyewitness, "four feet away." George landed in Memorial Medical Center, where later he was listed in stable condition with a basilar skull fracture. Mackey was charged with disorderly conduct by the Tybee Island Police, released on his own recognizance and ordered to appear in court.

At the time George went down, the Cathedral girls' team was leading 28-2. Cathedral wound up forfeiting, thereby losing 2-0. It was believed to be the first team sports contest in recent American history in which nobody either gave or received the high-five.



Former Baltimore Colt Linebacker Mike Curtis once tackled a spectator who had the audacity to enter the playing field. Curtis once went to training camp when every other pro football player of any stature was staying out on strike. Curtis once and always hated the glorified handshakes and everything they stood for. During the coin flip at midfield Curtis used to greet opposing captains in very plain language before even sticking out his hand. "Regular, dammit," Curtis said. "Regular handshake."

END



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IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

SUPER SUNDAY

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman's story on the Super Bowl (*This Was the Time for One Good Man*, Feb. 2) was superb. Because of all the excitement up here, I didn't get to watch very much of the game. However, Zimmerman's piece filled me in on all that I missed. Most people will remember Super Bowl Sunday's final score as Oakland 27, Philadelphia 10, but those who shared in the joy of having the hostages return home will always remember it as U.S.A. 52, Iran 0.

CADET CHRISTOPHER A. KOZAK
West Point, N.Y.

Sir:

Although I greatly admire Raider captain Gene Upshaw, I totally resent him saying, "We're not a bunch of choirboys and Boy Scouts."

I happen to be a 13-year-old who is a Boy Scout, nearing the rank of Eagle Scout, and I can assure you that we are not a bunch of Dexters or "nice boys."

JOHN J. SPILLANE
Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

Taking nothing away from Rod Martin, Jim Plunkett belonged on your Super Bowl cover. I feel you owe Jim an apology for snubbing him after the AFC championship game in favor of Mark van Eggen and now ignoring him on your Super Bowl cover.

M.H. SWEENEY
Pasadena

Sir:

Thank you for Steve Wulf's profile on Rod Martin. No offense to Plunkett, but Martin's Super Bowl performance and his professional attitude toward the game should have won him the MVP award.

BOB OSBORNE
Cincinnati

DIS-GUS-TING

Sir:

After reading Roy Johnson's article on Gus Williams (*No Gus, No Glory*, Feb. 2), it made me wonder what Seattle owner Sam Schulman's problem is. Over the last three seasons (not counting 1980-81) there has not been a better team in the NBA than Seattle. The Sonics were in the NBA finals two years in a row and were beaten by the eventual NBA champs as the Western Conference finals last year. This season, though, it looks as if they won't even make the playoffs. If Sam isn't willing to pay good money for a great player then he doesn't deserve to own a championship team. Seattle has led the league in attendance the last two years, so there

can't be that much of a financial problem.

Come on, Sam, snap out of it, pay Gus Williams what he's worth.

BOB KIRWAN
Longview, Wash.

Sir:

As I sat reading my \$1.50 SI and sipping my 40¢ can of beer, my middle-class heart hangs heavy for Gus Williams as he spins his \$25 basketball while seated on his \$35,000 Mercedes Benz.

Gus is a tremendous basketball player with immeasurable talent; he is also typical of the many greedy professional athletes of today.

Their get-all-you-can-while-you-can attitude is hurting all sports, especially baseball and basketball. It's not a matter of whether or not the owners will go broke but when.

ARNIE ROOPER
Platteville, Wis.

SOMETHING MISSING

Sir:

Barry McDermott gives us a fine look at the "clinical" Beth Daniel (*The Game Is Her Life and Only Love*, Feb. 2)—Beth the golfer, Beth the competitor. But after finishing the article, I felt something was missing.

As a frequent golf partner of Beth's and as a personal friend, I think Mr. McDermott missed parts of Beth the person. She is a genuinely nice person, compassionate, with a quick wit. During his short stay in Charleston, Mr. McDermott might have missed that But it's part of the Beth Daniel I know.

SAM KOUVARIS
Sports Director
WCBD-TV
Charleston, S.C.

THE INDOOR GAME

Sir:

In calling Steve Zangul of the MISL's New York Arrows the "lord of all indoors" (SI, Feb. 2) you slighted veteran striker Carl-Heinz Granitz of the NASL's Chicago Sting. Granitz has been scoring goals and assists at an electrifying pace during the indoor season. In just 13 games he has 40 goals and 26 assists. This is an average of 3.1 goals and 2.0 assists per game vs. Zangul's 2.7 goals and 1.2 assists. Granitz has been shut out in only one game, which he played with a high fever and a bad case of the flu. Chicago's big West German is truly a superstar.

LEE B. STERN
Owner and President
The Chicago Sting
Chicago

KNIGHT TIME

Sir:

The introduction to Frank Deford's pro-

file of Bobby Knight (*The Rabbit Hunter*, Jan. 26) consists of a quotation from William Faulkner: "Success is feminine and like a woman; if you cringe before her, she will over-ride you. So the way to treat her is to show her the back of your hand. Then maybe she will do the crawling."

I am surprised and outraged that you printed it. Once again, the public is presented with the image of females as needing a stern backhand to keep them in control, keep them crawling. This type of quote perpetuates the theory that violence against women is O.K.

It is disgusting and degrading. As a woman, I demand an apology.

PAMELA LAMBERT
Uxbridge, Mass.

Sir:

The first day of a physical education basketball class taught by Bobby Knight at Indiana University. The 50 ex-high school and college athletes come to a dead silence as Knight enters the room.

KNIGHT: "How many of you guys have ever had a coach you just hated?"

(Almost everyone in the class raises his hand.)

KNIGHT: "Well, there are a lot of us coaches who don't like you a—s—either."

(The place breaks up.)

WILLIAM LINDLEY
Los Angeles

Sir:

As a former high school basketball coach, I read Frank Deford's superb article on Bobby Knight with great interest. Deford wants to understand Knight the person, and in his probing of Knight's personality and habits, which add up to a case of arrested social development, Deford makes some interesting points.

What struck me is that Deford was apparently unable to make the obvious connection among Knight's obsession with winning, his coaching habits and the personality he presents to the public. The quotes are there in the article; Deford simply misses a major point, I believe.

At one point Knight says, "I've never gotten over West Point. Wanting had to be more important there, and I had to prove. I was just coming off a playing career during which I didn't do as well as I'd hoped." To me, this last line is the key to understanding coaches like Knight. Earlier in the article, Deford had written that "the best thing that ever happened to Knight was that after high school... he didn't amount to a hill of beans as a player."

Here's precisely where I disagree with De-

continued

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SOME SERIOUS NOTES ON MOVING.

By Victor Borge

When you move, make sure your mail arrives at your new address right after you do.

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Notify everyone a month before you move.**



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18TH HOLE continued

ford. To me, the worst thing that ever happened to Knight—and probably to hundreds of high school and college coaches like him—was that his love for and obsession with a marvelous kid's game wasn't matched by the kind of personal success in it that he hungered for. Is it possible that the frustration engendered by this has implanted an almost monomaniacal need in some coaches to experience vicariously as an adult the satisfactions in being successful on the court that many young men experience as teenagers? I think so. And I think almost everything else that Deford has written about the brilliant and misguided Knight fits into place with this notion.

BOB VOORHEES
Cincinnati

HALL OF FAME

Sir:

On behalf of the Baseball Writers' Association of America I am replying to your Jan. 26 SCORECARD item "Second-Guessing the Scribes."

As the man who has tabulated the Hall of Fame vote for the BBWAA for the last 16 years, I can assure you that the so-called "bullet ballot"—one in which the voter submits only one name on his ballot—has had a minuscule effect on the outcome of the elections, and the statement from my New York Daily News colleague, Bill Madden, that "some of the older members don't think any players of the modern era are worthy of the Hall of Fame" is not only idiotic but also totally unfounded. Of the 401 votes cast in the 1981 election, for instance, there was only one bullet ballot and that was for Bob Gibson, the eventual selection of the writers.

I will not argue the Hall of Fame merits of Harmon Killebrew or Juan Marchal except to say I myself voted for them. But perhaps the comment that accompanied one writer's ballot will explain not only his feelings but also those of some of his colleagues when it comes to voting for players eligible for the first time: "My reasoning is: to get a vote in the first year of eligibility, a player should be an all-time great beyond the shadow of a doubt, a super, super superstar."

In the 45 years the writers have been voting, only 11 players have made it to Cooperstown on the first try, excluding those admitted to the Hall in its first year, 1936. When you realize that the list of first-timers includes Mickey Mantle, Ted Williams, Willie Mays, Stan Musial, Jackie Robinson, Bob Feller, Warren Spahn, Ernie Banks, Al Kaline, Sandy Koufax and Gibson, you can realize the value the majority of writers give to a first-year vote.

JACK LANG
Secretary-Treasurer
Fort Salonga, N.Y.

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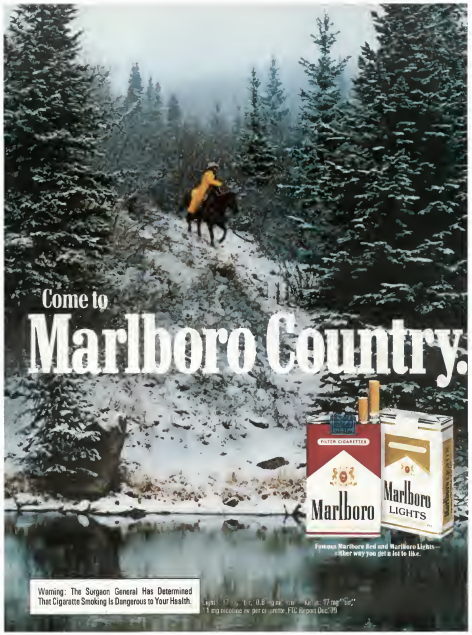
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